

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,713.—VOL. LXVI.
Registered as a Newspaper

EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS.
"The Mincure" and
"Doña Isabella of Portugal"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. ELDRED, R.N.

A reception by the Sultan of Turkey is an incident that has befallen a very small proportion, indeed, of Naval officers. Therefore, the few officers of H.M.S. *Scout* to whom this honour fell the other day, considered themselves fortunate. They were presented by Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador, on September 5, after the ceremony of the Selamluk, when the Sultan goes in State to prayer to the Mosque of Hamidieh Jami. This takes place every Friday, with a martial display of much magnificence. The ceremony of September 5 was on a grander scale than usual. It was the first Friday following the anniversary of His Majesty's accession. The Sultan's

usual custom is to return direct to the palace from the Mosque. Upon this occasion, however, he held a review of the troops, who marched past the Imperial building from which foreigners usually view the Selamluk. After the review he received the British *Chargé d'Affaires* and his wife. Mr. de Eunsen left Constantinople the same day, having been appointed to the British Embassy in Paris. The presentation of Commander Gajant, C.M.G., and the officers representing the heads of departments of the *Scout* followed.

RECEPTION OF BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS BY THE SULTAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE

Topics of the Week

Trusts and Tariff

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S attack upon trusts is fast involving himself and his party in a series of political as well as logical difficulties. The average American citizen, who is a shrewd, hard-headed person, has already discovered that some of the worst evils of the trust system are due to the protective tariff. Manufacturers who are protected in the home market can easily enter into a combination to keep up prices against the domestic consumer by disposing of their surplus stock abroad at any price that it will fetch. When there is no surplus stock there is no need to sell cheaply abroad, and the whole benefit of the high prices accrues to a handful of multi-millionaires. When there is a surplus stock, foreign nations obtain the advantage of buying American goods below cost price, and are thus incidentally enabled to compete more effectively with other American industries. In neither case is there any gain to the American people as a whole. Realising this aspect of the trust question, patriotic Americans, without distinction of party, have been demanding that the tariff should be so amended as to deprive the trusts of the advantage which they now derive from protection. That is a straightforward and intelligible proposition. But it does not suit the book of the Republican wirepullers. They see clearly enough that if new tariff reform begins no man can prophesy where it will stop. A protective tariff is a very delicate piece of machinery. It is built up by a careful balancing of parts. Brown of Colorado is interested in toothpicks, and Smith of Arkansas in nail-brushes. Brown will vote for a duty on nail-brushes if Smith will support him in protecting toothpicks. And so the tariff grows. But if the tariff reformer comes along, and for the sake of attacking the Great Toothpick Trust, secures the abolition of the duty on toothpicks, Brown's interest is the sacred principle of protection is at an end, and he turns round and votes for the immediate repeal of the duty on nail-brushes. It is because the Republican managers understand this game that they have insisted that President Roosevelt must let the tariff alone. If he likes to win popularity by denouncing the trusts, it is a different matter. Hard words break no bones, and as for the threatened legislation against trusts, it is a most useful red herring to draw across the scent. The trusts will take care that the legislation does them no harm. President Roosevelt is too able a man not to see clearly the difficulties in which he is involved. He sees them, in fact, so clearly that he has prudently abstained from making any attempt to sketch the legislation that he proposes. All he asks is that the Constitution should be so amended as to enable Congress to assert the sovereignty of the people over the trusts. It is an excellent phrase, but even if he were to succeed in the extremely difficult task of amending the Constitution, there would still remain the difficulty of determining how trusts were to be controlled. The essential evil of the trust system is that it enables a few individuals to fleece the whole community by monopolising the production of a particular commodity and exacting an exorbitant price for it. But who is to determine what is an exorbitant price? If Congress were to pass a law that no American manufacturer was to sell an article abroad for a lower price than he sold it at home, the law would simply be laughed at. Nor would intelligent Americans submit to such a law being placed upon the Statute Book, for if it could be carried into effect it would be a gross interference with legitimate business. A manufacturer has to take advantage of markets as he finds them, and he is often compelled to sell cheaper in one market than in another. So far as the State interferes at all, its object should be to take care that the home market is on the average the cheapest. That object is best accomplished by throwing open the country to the products of the whole world.

Pedestrians' Road Rights

THE formation of a Pedestrians' Protection League marks the sense of the community at large that the time has come for more effectively safeguarding the lives and limbs of those whose only means of locomotion are bestowed by Nature. It cannot be disputed that His Majesty's highroads have latterly become more and more dangerous for these humble wayfarers. What with cycles, electric tram-cars, and flying motors, the pedestrian almost carries his life in his hand whenever he has to venture into the roadway of any main thoroughfare. The legal rule of the road is that the drivers of vehicles, whether of one sort or another, shall keep clear of people on foot. But obedience to that ancient ordinance being incompatible with a high rate of speed, the motor-scorcher trusts to the noise made by his roaring engine, supplemented by that of his bellowing siren, to scare people out of his way. If, as sometimes occurs, the hideous din produces a dazing effect, "so much the worse for the coo," as Geordie Stephenson would have said. In Surrey, the nuisance has become so

great and so perilous that the several local authorities propose to take joint action for its suppression, while in other parts of the kingdom there are indications that, unless some remedy is soon applied, the rights of pedestrians will be enforced by exceedingly rough methods. It is essential, however, that pedestrians should use sidepaths whenever these are provided; should any accident happen to them through giving preference to the roadway, the responsibility rests on their own shoulders for unnecessarily challenging the risk of being run down. Workmen are great offenders against that unwritten law; they appear to derive positive pleasure from setting it at defiance.

English Politicians' Amenities

SOME surprise has found expression on the Continent that when the Free Burghership of Haddington was bestowed on Mr. Balfour, Radicals joined with Unionists in doing honour to the Prime Minister. But it would have been odd had they not done so; in this country, whether it be that we infuse less passion into our party politics than foreigners, or through our traditional "phlegm," society long ago agreed to differentiate the man from his political affinities. Only the very hot partisan feels moved to wrath when reading in the papers that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman or Sir William Harcourt has been exchanging opinions with Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Brodrick "over the walnuts and the wine" at some hospitable country seat. Foreigners do not understand such amiability; the utmost they can conceive is an atmosphere of bare politeness at such mixed gatherings. There must be insincerity, they aver, when two politicians of mark, who never miss a chance of saying sharp things of one another in Parliament, pretend to be cordial friends immediately afterwards. There is no hypocrisy at all in this transformation, any more than in a boxer who, after doing his utmost to inflict injury on his antagonist, shakes hands and insists on standing treat. Occasionally, it may be said, this sort of fraternisation out of harness conveys something of an impression that English statesmen take up with politics as a pleasant form of excitement, and that they are lacking in earnestness. It may be admitted, too, that, from a popular standpoint, the Homeric tussles of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield carried more interest than the milder combats which have replaced them. But, on the whole, it better consorts with the national temperament to separate the political gladiator in the arena from the fellow-citizen whose private virtues can be admired without sharing his principles.

Our Supplements

"DOÑA ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL"

THE lady whom Titian has here recorded in one of the pictures by which he immortalised his sojournings with the Emperor Charles V. at Mantua, Asti, and Milan (for this is one of the noble examples of his art which he executed while working for him), is a happy example of a married life of much felicity—a destiny of rare distinction among monarchs of the sixteenth century. When the Emperor Charles V. of Spain had secured from Henry VIII. a release of his engagement to the Lady Mary, he turned to Portugal, whence he had obtained large sums for the conduct of his wars, and sought in marriage the Doña Isabella, daughter of King John III. of that country. The marriage was popular—popular with the people both of Spain and of Portugal, the latter country willingly voting the lady a dowry of 900,000 crowns—and not less agreeable to the Emperor Charles. It was full of happiness to the Princess, who, however, lived only until 1529, after a short married life.

This picture, representing the Empress at the age of twenty-four, is a posthumous one. It was painted fifteen years after her death from a portrait which, from the design and treatment, may be conjectured to have been of Flemish origin. It is not by any means the only one of her which Titian executed. So favourite a work was this with Charles V. that when he retired to Juste he took the picture along with him, as he could not bear to part with it.

"THE MANICURE"

The picture of "The Manicure," which Mr. Henry Caro Delrante has contributed to the exhibition at Earl's Court, is doubly interesting as a picture of modern life and as an example of very modern art. The profession of a "manicure," as such, is but a few years old, and, as here depicted, is as typical of modern luxury as it is of ancient vanity. In point of view of character, as shown in the lady and in the professional attendant (a sort of female Figaro of the twentieth century, a gossip full of shrewdness and worldly wisdom of a sort), the picture is curiously complete. In point of view of art we have strangely marked the influence of M. Alfred Stevens and of Mr. Whistler. In the plane of the picture, the treatment of the wall and of the pictures hanging on it, and the affectation of simplicity, we have a clever reminiscence of Mr. Whistler's admirable "Portrait of my Mother" in the Luxembourg, and of his "Portrait of Carlyle" at Glasgow. And in the incisiveness of drawing and handling, there is the quality initiated by M. Stevens and adopted by not a few artists who have profited by his example.

THE LEAGUE FOOTBALL RECORD UP TO DATE.

A Special Article and Diagram showing at a glance how three thousand matches have ended, appear in this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

HOWEVER had and inefficient a politician, a philanthropist, a financier, or an author may be, once get him thoroughly well boomed it is a very difficult thing to make the public believe he is an ignorant and incompetent person and an absolute humbug. So it is with insects, animals and materials. Years ago I exposed the bee and made its true character manifest. If I wrote a "Bee Ballad," I fancy it would run somewhat in this wise:—

I am a languid, lazy bee,
I ne'er improved a single minute!
That Dr. Watts has libelled me—
I'm idle, and I glory in it.

And yet so firmly has the Wattsonian theory been dinned into our ears from our earliest youth—that it is difficult to get anyone to believe in the common-sense view of bee-dom. Aforetime, too, I have exploited wholesome truths with regard to the horse, but I cannot say they have been well received. Now—though I confess to being aghast at my temerity—I wish to have something to say with regard to milk. Is milk the innocent food and the high-principled material that it is generally supposed to be? Have we never heard of epidemics being "traced to milk"? But this branch of the subject involves too many considerations for me to tackle just now. There is an old proverb to the effect that it is no use crying over spilt milk. But I wish to raise my cry on the subject and demonstrate by that means that there is some utility in my proceedings. I have to complain that at restaurants and other places where large quantities of milk are delivered it is generally slopped over on the pavement. The result is that it makes the sidewalk so exceedingly slippery that the time-honoured butter slide that the clown arranges for the policeman in Christmas pantomime is a perfect fool to it. Anyone who has tried a sudden introduction to the flagstones by reason of the milky way will acknowledge his experience is in the highest degree painful, and he will be lucky indeed if he escapes without awkward sprains and severe contusions. Is it too much to ask that the police may give their attention to these inconsiderate milk-spillers? Or shall we have to wait till the Bishop of Budleigh Salterton or some other eminent dignitary of the church has broken his leg, before the authorities bestir themselves in this matter?

This terribly wet and inclement summer reminds one of the weather we had some years ago when I chanced to be sojourning in the Thames Valley. If it happens to be a wet season you will always find it worse in the Thames Valley than anywhere else. It certainly was so on the occasion to which I refer. I have done a great deal of boating of every description in my time, under all kinds of meteorological conditions, but I never recollect being so persistently rained upon as I was during that dismal period. Skies were monotonously leaden and we rarely had a suspicion of sunshine, roads were changed into morasses, the Thames overflowed its banks, the stream was swollen and fierce, and the country flooded in all directions. It was, indeed, a melancholy time, but still it had its gleams of comic relief. One gleam especially occurs to me and causes me, even at the present moment, to lay down my pen and roar with laughter. We were driving through the everlasting downpour, from Chertsey to Staines, when we beheld a melancholy-looking man in a mackintosh, a sou'-wester, and wading-boots sadly endeavouring to make hay in a half-flooded field. He used his fork in a fierce and vindictive manner, and pitched the grass from one part to another in a hopeless and unmethodical fashion. At last, when the rain increased in violence, he jammed the fork into the sopping meadow and left it quivering there. Then he said something more forcible than polite, gave the whole thing up, and we watched him going splashing down the muddy road at the double, apparently in search of a good stiff glass of hot grog at the "Crown."

"Where can we go," I am asked, "to be free from the danger and annoyance of tram, cycle and motor-car? Is there any place in the country where we can avoid them?" Well, yes, I should think a few of such happy spots might be discovered. At any rate I know of one—that is Cirencester Park in Gloucestershire. This is of vast extent, and contains every variety of the most beautiful sylvan scenery, and is, with the greatest liberality, thrown open to the public by the Earl of Bathurst. There is a wholesome regulation that no cycles, motor-cars, or dogs are admitted within the gates. Of course there are no trams or light railways there, and it is indeed a joy to find such a rural retreat where you are not smothered with the dust of the motor and frightened by its hideous toot-toot, irritated by the clang of the cycle bell, or annoyed by people perpetually whistling for their dogs.

The other day, wandering about in Oxfordshire, I made a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the writer of one of the first books that I read in the days of my childhood—that was "Harry and Lucy." The authoress was Maria Edgeworth, who was born in the house of her grandfather Elers, at Black Bourton, one hundred and thirty-six years ago. Black Bourton is a quaint little village, with a charming old church containing interesting monuments of the Hungerford family, and has probably changed but little since the gifted authoress spent her earliest years there. It was astonishing how the place brought back to my mind a book I had almost forgotten. I could almost fancy the tiny stream from the mill might have been the scene of Harry's bridge-building exploits. In boyhood I read other books by the same hand. Among them one about Eton—I do not remember the title—which struck me as wonderfully interesting. Subsequently I read all her stories and I was reading some of them again the other day with the keenest enjoyment. Probably Miss Edgeworth is not read much in recent times, but old-fashioned as her work has become, it possesses still a special charm that rivets the attention of the reader.

The Court

DEER drives and partridge and grouse shooting provide the Royal party at Balmoral with plenty of good sport just now. The weather having turned bright and cool, the King, the Prince of Wales, and their guests have been out nearly every day in the Royal forests and preserves. An especially successful deer drive took place during Lord Kitchener's and Mr. Balfour's stay, while Prince Arthur of Connaught's arrival on a visit to the King adds another good shot to the Royal guns. There is a continual succession of visitors at the Castle, some coming to stay a night or two, like Lord Hopetoun and Sir Michael Herbert—our new Ambassador at Washington—and others being entertained only to lunch or dinner. On Sunday morning King Edward attended Service at Crathie Church, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales with their eldest boy and Prince Arthur of Connaught, when the Rev. Dr. Russell, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, preached. Before leaving the Highlands King Edward will spend a few days with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge to shoot in the Duke's forests, and will start southwards in the second week of October, stopping on the way to town to visit the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby at Keele Hall, Staffordshire. He is expected at Buckingham Palace about the 9th prox., and in the following week will be at Newmarket both for the promised shooting with the Duke of Cambridge and to be present at the October race-meeting.

The Royal visit to the City is fixed at last for Saturday, October 25, and is formally announced as the "Royal Progress through the Streets of London," originally planned for the June Coronation programme. But the coming "Progress" will be on a much simpler scale, as there will be neither foreign Princes and representatives nor Indians and Colonials in the procession. Probably the military display will be very fine, however, and it is hoped that all the Guards will be home from South Africa in time. As yet arrangements for the route, number of troops, &c., are not complete, but it is so far decided that the King and Queen will go to the Guildhall for the banquet, and afterwards come home by a circuitous route through South London. Various addresses will be presented *en route*; the most important, however, that of the City of London, being delivered in the Guildhall Library, instead of outside the Mansion House, as fixed in June. On the following day (Sunday) their Majesties will attend a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's.

Two crowned heads are expected this autumn to visit King Edward. Possibly King Carlos of Portugal will be here next month for a few days, while the German Emperor has fixed his long-promised visit for November. The Emperor William means his visit to be quite private, so that he will join the King at Sandringham and probably not come to London at all. He will travel to Portsmouth in his yacht during the first week of November, and will bring only a small suite, the German Ambassador in London and our Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, having been invited to meet him. The Emperor will be at Sandringham for the King's birthday. He will stay a week.

Queen Alexandra is always welcomed back most warmly to her old home, so she received the very heartiest of greetings on arriving in Denmark. Her Majesty and Princess Victoria had a very pleasant three days' voyage across the North Sea in the *Victoria and Albert*, the British cruiser *Galatée* meeting the Royal yacht off Skagen, in Jutland, to accompany her to Elsinore. The *Victoria and Albert* reached the Danish roadstead late in the evening, and early next morning the Danish Royal yacht *Dannebrog* brought out the Kings of Denmark and Greece and numerous members of the Royal Family to welcome the Queen and Princess. The vessels then steamed up to Copenhagen, escorted by the Danish Training Squadron amidst salutes from the warships and the forts, and after the Royal party had lunched on board the English yacht, they landed amidst enthusiastic greetings from huge crowds. On Sunday Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria attended the Harvest Thanksgiving Service at the British Church of St. Alban in Copenhagen. Dinner-parties generally take place every night at the Castle, and the Queen takes long drives in the neighbourhood with King Christian. Queen Alexandra comes home about October 21.

In readiness for the handing over of Osborne House to the nation, the pictures and art treasures collected by Queen Victoria have been divided between Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. The local charities of Windsor will benefit largely by the King's decision to devote to them the small charge now made for inspecting the Castle. From £150 to £160 have been generally taken in the week, the number of visitors being larger than ever before. This year the King has allowed the public to visit the Sandringham grounds during the summer.

The Prince and Princess of Wales probably leave the Highlands next week for town, whence they go to Sandringham later on. This week the Prince is to stay with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, for some salmon-fishing in the Spey.

The Duke of Connaught will travel to India for the Delhi Durbar in the battleship *Kenon*, and there is some idea of the Crown Prince of Germany going with him. The only obstacle to the young Prince's trip is that the Emperor William does not like interrupting his studies at the Bonn University. The Duke of Connaught presented new colours to the 4th Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment at Dublin on Tuesday.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC" are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE OF

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS TO

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.

UNDER CONTRACT TO SAIL EVERY FORTNIGHT WITH HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS. Calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Egypt, and Colombo.

	Tons		Tons
AUSTRAL	5,524	ORIZABA	6,297
OMRAH (Twin Screw)	8,291	OROTAVA	5,857
OPHIR (Twin Screw)	6,910	ORMUZ	6,387
ORTONA (Twin Screw)	8,000	OROYA	6,297
ORIENT	5,365	ORUBA	5,857

Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue, London. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE

VIA HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND

Daily (Sundays included) SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT. QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY. Restaurant Cars and Through Carriages to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE.
For BRUSSELS, THE ARDENNES, &c., every weekday.
From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct Service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.
The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.
Cheap Tickets and Tours to nearly all parts of the Continent.
HAMBURG, by G.S.N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM—	A	B	D	F	G	D	H
Victoria	9 25 10 5	10 40 11 5	11 15 11 40	12 15			
* Kensington	9 10	10 15	11 15	12 15			
London Bridge	9 25	10 25	11 25	12 10			

* (Addison Road.) A.—Sundays, Hastings 10s. 6d., Bexhill and Eastbourne, 10s. 1st Class. B.—Weekdays, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). D.—Brighton, Saturdays, 10s. 6d. 1st Class. F.—Sundays, Brighton and Worthing, 10s. 1st. 12s. (Pullman Car to Brighton). G.—Sundays, Eastbourne, Pullman Car, 12s. H.—Sundays, Brighton, 10s. 1st Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES.—The Pullman Limited will run on October 5th, and every subsequent Sunday from Victoria 11.0 a.m. Return Fare 12s.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places (Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.
Full particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, AND AROUND THE WORLD.

The MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL, OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL, and TOYO KISEN KAISHA STEAMSHIP COMPANIES from SAN FRANCISCO. FOUR SAILINGS MONTHLY.
MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, MONTHLY.
CHOICE of any ATLANTIC LINE to NEW YORK, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
COMPREHENSIVE TOURS arranged allowing stops at points of interest.
For Pamphlets, Time Schedules and Tickets, apply to Ismay, Imrie and Co., 30, James Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or RUD. FALCK, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT, London. City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C. West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SERVICES.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, FIJI AND HAWAII.	From Vancouver every month.
YOKOHAMA (INLAND SEA), SHANGHAI, HONG KONG.	From Vancouver every three weeks.
ROUND THE WORLD.	Tours at low inclusive fares. Many optional routes.
SUMMER TOURS.	Best Scenery, Fishing and Shooting, Hotels and Swiss Guides in the Canadian "Rockies."

For Cheap Through Tickets from Europe, and Free Pamphlets, apply to CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 67 and 68, King William Street, E.C.; or 30, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, &c.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street). NOW ON EXHIBITION. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.
SIR ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., "THE BATHS OF CARACALLA."
PETER GRAHAM, R.A., "A MOUNTAIN STREAM."
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, "MRS. LAUNZ."
H. DICKSEE, "THE KING" (Lion).
J. FARQUHARSON, "AT THE CLOSE OF DAY."
DENDY SADLER, "THE BAGMAN'S TOAST."
B. W. LEADER, R.A., "WHEN SUN IS SET."
V. COLE, R.A., "ROYAL WINDSOR."
THOS. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., "MRS. ROBINSON."
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A., "THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH."
LARGE SELECTION OF ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS, SUITABLE FOR WEDDING AND VISITING PRESENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS. Every Evening, at 7.30, a new and original Drama, *THE BEST OF FRIENDS*. MRS. JOHN WOOD and powerful cast. Matinees Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 1.30. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock punctually, A new romantic play, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, entitled *IF I WERE KING*. FRANCOIS VILLON.....MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MATINEE TO-DAY, and WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3883 Gerrard.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—ALL THIS WEEK.

The Four Musical Palmers; Daisy Meadows, Serio and Dancer; the Ottaways; Señorita Fillis; Winona, Champion American Lady Rifle Shot; the Edwards Comedy Company; Almar's Performing Dogs and Cats; the Musical Bowens. CLIVETTE, JUGGLER. Grace Dudley; Lys Wieland, Serio-Comic; THE PERCY CRICKETERS; Las Señoritas Velasco, Spanish Dancers; the Daisy Quartette; PLAYFAIR, CONJURER. The Majiltons; the Elliott Acrobats; Katie Kyrle; Dent's Ventriloquial Entertainment; Celia and Bert, Modern Miracles; the Percy Showman; Lys Wieland, Serio; Unda and Ovah; the Smalley Comical Triple Bar Gymnasts; Ella Zuila, the Female Blondin; Barnard's Renowned Royal Courts of Justice Marionettes.

BIOSCOPE LIVING PICTURES, including the Royal Procession and Entrance of their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal Family into the Abbey, &c., &c.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—A WONDERFUL SHOW.

At no place in the world can so many sights be seen for 1s. The WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2 and 7. SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM PROGRAMME bristles with sensational novelties and varieties of unusual interest—a long, large, and most varied entertainment, commencing as early as 10.0 a.m., followed at 2.0 and 7.0, by

THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW,

In which will be shown—The Coronations—The Naval Review—The Royal Procession, and Entrance of their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal Family into the Abbey. The whole to be seen, wet or fine, by tens of thousands for the small admission: Promenade, 1s.; Stalls (overlooking all performances, afternoon or evening), 4s., 3s., and 2s.; Chairs, 1s.

LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS. "THE BANDITS," "THE BANDITS." TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

PARIS IN LONDON. EARL'S COURT.

Daily, 1s. From 11 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.
An Unequalled Representation of the most Attractive Features of THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.
Modern French Fine Art Collection.
FRENCH PRODUCTS AND MANUFACTURES.
IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE: THE PALAIS DU COSTUME. A Splendid Pageant of Costumes from 4400 B.C. to 1902 A.D.
The Charming New PARISIAN THEATRE of the JARDIN de PARIS. PALAIS DES ILLUSIONS, Marvel of Electricity, Great Moving Stereorama. VOYAGE ON THE RIVER STYX. TOPSY-TURVY HOUSE. THE GREAT WATER CHUTE, GRAVITY RAILWAY, RIFLE RANGE, PARIS MORGUE, TERRORS OF THE BASTILLE, DRAGON ROUGE. A CLIMB ON THE PYRENEES.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILITARY BANDS.

THE CORONATION CEREMONIES.

A VALUABLE SOUVENIR.

The whole Series of Four Coronation Numbers of THE GRAPHIC, forming a Complete Illustrated Chronicle of all the Festivities, can now be had bound in Crimson Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

This Handsome Volume includes the following Special Double Numbers:—

THE LIFE OF KING

EDWARD VII.
A Fully Illustrated Chronicle of all the chief events of His Majesty's Life, and a Biography specially written for THE GRAPHIC by the late Sir Walter Besant.

PREPARATIONS FOR

THE CORONATION.
A Double Number, in which the ordinary issue is incorporated, and containing an account of all the Preparations and Festivities which preceded the actual ceremony.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

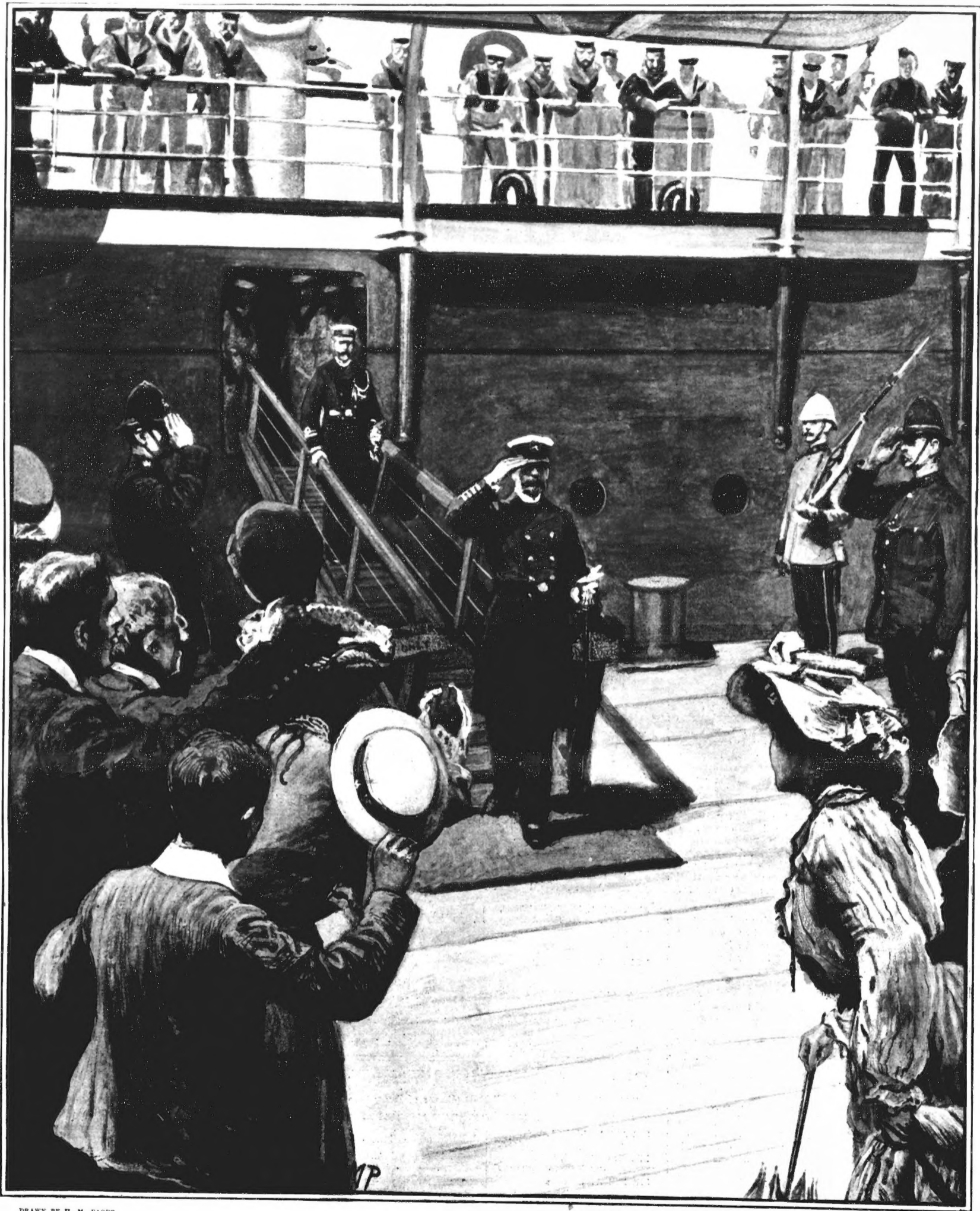
THE CORONATION

FESTIVITIES.
A Complete Illustrated Record of the Coronation Procession and Ceremony.

THE NAVAL REVIEW

AT SPITHEAD.
A Splendid Record of the Great Review, with Supplements showing the assembled Fleets, the Illuminations, the King on his Yacht, and the Visit of the Boer Generals.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—The Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in 60 minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from October 5th, from Victoria 11.0 a.m., returning from Brighton 5.0 p.m. and 9.0 p.m.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGEY

H.M.S. *Terrible* was welcomed home at Portsmouth last week with the utmost enthusiasm. Major Dupree, Mayor of Portsmouth, accompanied by Mr. Stevenson, secretary to the Entertainment Committee, visited the cruiser, and saw Captain Percy Scott, when it was arranged that the crew should leave the ship at six

o'clock on Tuesday evening to attend a public banquet. Captain Percy Scott subsequently paid an official visit to Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, at Admiralty House, and reported his arrival home

FROM A SKETCH BY A. KEMP TERRY

THE RETURN OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE": CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT COMING ASHORE AT PORTSMOUTH



THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF NEWGATE



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

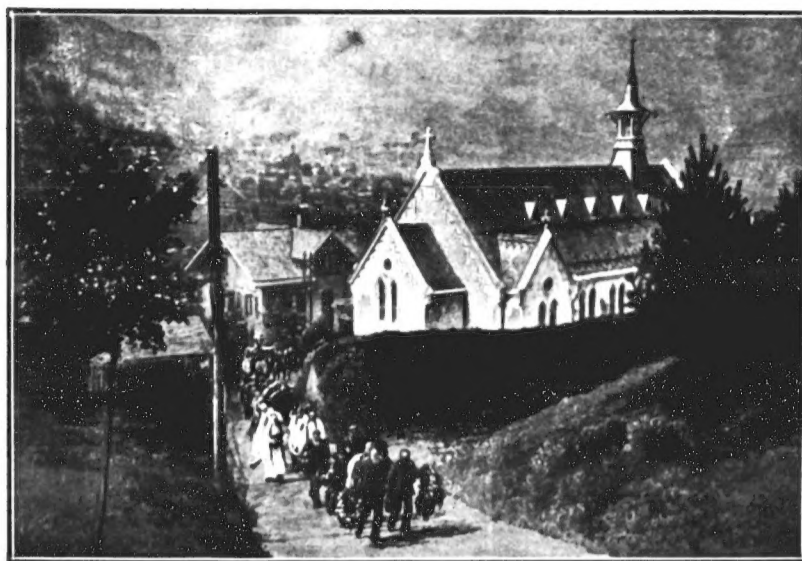
FROM SKETCHES BY G. BAYNES

1. The police lighting the gas, escorted by Carabinieri. 2. Soldiers distributing bread. 3. The mob preventing peasants from bringing in provisions. 4. Arrest of a picket outside a workshop

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN FLORENCE: EVERYDAY SCENES IN THE STREETS



THE LATE FRITZ BOHREN
Killed by lightning on the Wetterhorn
Photo by Nikles, Interlaken



THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. R. B. FEARON AND THE GUIDE SAMUEL BRAWAND



THE LATE MR. H. C. D. FEARON
Killed by lightning on the Wetterhorn
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company



MR. H. C. D. FEARON AND THE GUIDE SAMUEL BRAWAND AT THE HALF-WAY HUT
From a Photograph found in the Camera of the Rev. R. Fearon

The Wetterhorn Disaster

THE Rev. A. Cyril Pearson writes:—"As another Alpine season closes, marked so unhappily by frequent disasters, a special interest attaches to this excellent portrait of Fritz Bohren, who was lost on the Wetterhorn with Mr. Henry Fearon on the morning of August 20. A typical guide, athletic and intelligent, he was thoroughly equipped by training and experience to face all difficulties, and he ran no foolhardy risks. With his fellow-guide and the two brothers Fearon he took shelter in the half-way hut during a violent thunderstorm, and at daybreak they started for the summit. It was an ideal morning, for every cloud had rolled away. Climbing for six hours, they reached the Matterhorn's white crest, when a sudden storm-cloud charged with lightning struck them down, and passed at once, leaving clear skies and lasting sunshine overhead, and on the height two lifeless forms, but no traces of their companions."

The accompanying photographs have a pathetic interest. When the body of the Rev. R. Fearon was discovered, his kodak was strapped to him. The films of the two photographs which we reproduce were in the camera and were evidently the last taken by the unfortunate owner of the instrument. The funeral of the Rev. Robert B. Fearon and the guide, Samuel Brawand, took place at Grindelwald. The four clergymen shown in our illustration walking in front of the coffin were the Rev. W. Woodward (uncle of the Fearon brothers), Canon McCormick, the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, and the Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield. The bodies of Mr. Henry Fearon and the guide Bohren have since been discovered, and on Wednesday they were buried beside the graves of the Rev. R. Fearon and the guide Brawand. Our photograph of the funeral procession is by Ormiston Smith Brothers.

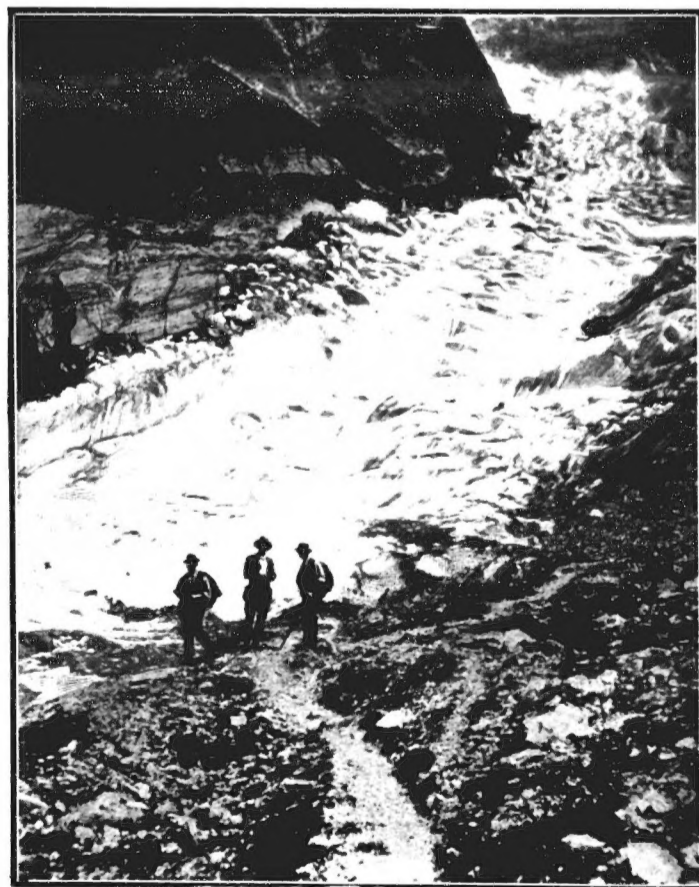
The New Central Criminal Court

THE competition for the new Sessions House for the City of London, or Central Criminal Court, was, it will be remembered, won by Mr. E. W. Mountford, F.R.I.B.A. The illustration we publish this week shows what the appearance of the building will be when it is completed. The great difficulty of the architect was to provide all the accommodation required in an impressive and dignified manner, the area of the site being somewhat limited. Mr. Mountford has met these requirements by a system of mezzanine floors which allows considerable height for the larger rooms and offices without the waste of space incurred by giving the same height to smaller rooms. The principal entrance to the building is from the Old Bailey and is 14ft. wide. Immediately facing it is the chief staircase, rising from the entrance hall, which has an area of about 100ft. by 40ft. Above there is a large central hall and another large court and two smaller courts. The walls of the new building are to be built of Portland stone, and the courses of the stonework of the principal elevation are to be made of the same height as those in the present external walls of Newgate, with the idea of using as much as possible of the old stonework. The ground floor is taken up by cells and rooms for the storage of records, while the

floor above the courts is occupied by counsels' robing-rooms, solicitors' rooms and other offices. The courts are to be lighted entirely from the roof, the outer skylights being of rough plate glass, while the inner domes will be glazed with white cathedral or window glass. The space between will be warmed in order to prevent draughts.

The General Strike at Florence

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"The general strike at Florence began in a foundry where the men demanded more wages and fewer hours. The strike spread through the city, many people being unwillingly obliged to join it out of fear. The streets were crowded with excited groups of workmen more or less angrily discussing the situation. All the shops were closed, and troops were poured into the city. The mob allowed no provisions to come into the town; we were reduced to eating stale bread and got no fruit—an unheard-of thing in Florence at this season. We also had to borrow bits of candle, as there was very little gas, the soldiers at the works not being able to manage it (one poor man was killed in the attempt). The streets were almost in darkness, all the cafés, usually so brilliantly lighted and filled with gay crowds, were closed. One was inclined to ask, 'Are we in a state of siege or has some great calamity befallen the nation?' On the third day of this state of things, bread was brought round in the morning by soldiers, who also had to do a good deal of unaccustomed service, such as lighting the street lamps. They had not always time to put the gas lamps out in the morning, or forgot, for sometimes the lamps were still alight at eight o'clock, with a brilliant sun shining. The tragedy of the situation appeared when one saw women with their children in the streets crying, as there was no longer bread in the house. This state of discomfort lasted some days, and it will yet take some time before the workmen settle down again, though some compromise has been made with them."



MR. H. C. D. FEARON AND THE GUIDES BRAWAND AND BOHREN
From a Photograph found in the Camera of the Rev. R. Fearon

THE DISASTER ON THE WETTERHORN

Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN
CORRESPONDENT

Now that everybody is back in town the weather has undergone a change for the better, which makes most people regret their premature return. For the last week it has been simply perfect, neither too hot nor too cold. The cab companies, which had begun to bring out their closed vehicles, those harbingers of winter, have hastened to withdraw them, and have replaced them by the open victoria. But they evidently do not trust the Clerk of the Weather, for all day long a procession of closed cabs can be seen making its way to the Quai de la Tournelle to have the official inspection carried out and the *plaque* affixed, giving them permission to ply in the streets. The confidence of the cab proprietors in the duration of the present sunshine is so small that they announce that the open cabs will be withdrawn on the 1st of October instead of the 15th, the usual date. After the deplorable experience of the last six months nobody can blame them. But as the seasons have been topsy-turvy, there is no reason why the months of October and November should not resemble May or April.

The summer theatres are closing one by one. The Ambassadeurs, the Alcazar d'Été, and the Jardin de Paris led the way, and now the Théâtre de Martigny has followed suit. The theatres of the boulevards have opened one by one, and in another week the winter theatrical season of 1902 will be in full swing. So far none of the managers have dared to produce any novelties, and have contented themselves with reviving old pieces, though some of them are so old as to have again become novelties to the new generation. If the managers of Paris theatres are to be believed, last year was simply a disaster for them; all of them lived on their losses. It is curious, however, that in spite of this state of things, there are twenty candidates for every theatre that may happen to fall vacant.

M. Camille Pelletan has returned from his now famous voyage, and M. Delcassé will probably be able to sleep at nights now that he is relieved from further fear of indiscretions on the part of his too exuberant colleague of the Marine. M. Pelletan, when he started out to visit Tunis and Corsica, remembered that he was a former journalist, and accorded for the first time to his *confrères* of the Press the right to travel on a French warship. The result has not been encouraging. The Minister of Marine's journalistic satellites deemed it their duty to show their gratitude by recording every word uttered by him, thereby nearly disturbing the peace of Europe. Not only did they in their zeal record all he said, but, if M. Pelletan is to be believed, much that he did not say. "Save

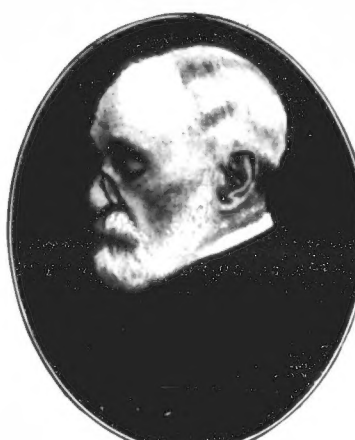
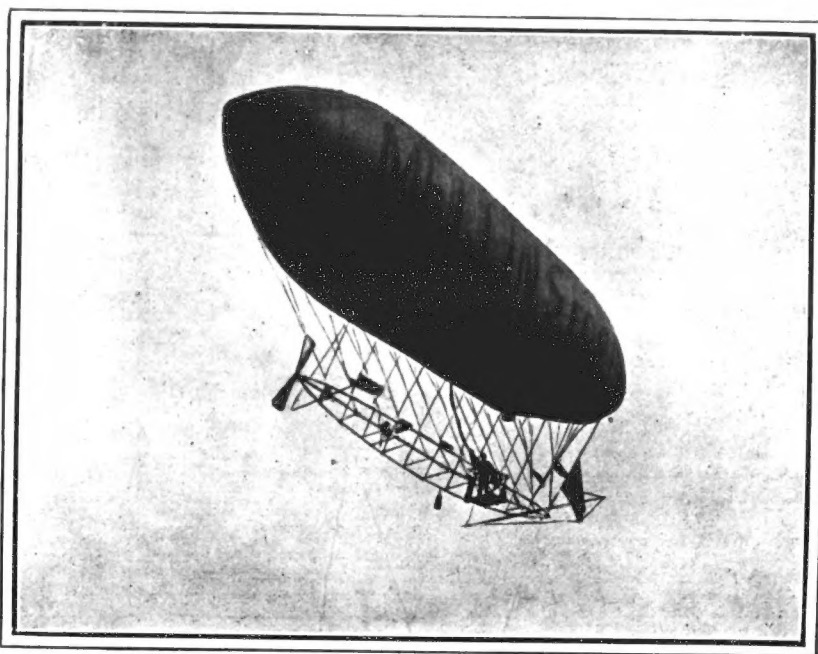
me from my friends" will probably be the reflection of the chief of France's navy. As the Prime Minister has deemed it necessary to formally disavow the utterances of his too exuberant colleagues, the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, it cannot be said

gave up official work and rejoined the management of his father's commercial business. He did not, however, quit political life, but was returned in the Liberal interest for Stoke-upon-Trent, at a by-election in September, 1862. He was re-elected at the General Election of 1865, and represented that constituency until the Dissolution of 1868. At the General Election of that year he stood with Mr. Gladstone for South-West Lancashire against Mr. (now Viscount) Cross and Mr. Charles Turner. The contest ended in the decisive defeat of the Liberal candidates. Mr. Grenfell did not again enter Parliament, an attempt which he made at Barnstaple at the General Election of 1880 against the late Sir Robert Carden also being unsuccessful. Few men were better known in the City than Mr. Grenfell. From 1881 till 1883 he was Governor of the Bank of England, and he was a director of several important business undertakings. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, the second in command in the Mediterranean, who died at Malta on Sunday, was born on September 24, 1846. He entered the Navy in 1860, became lieutenant in 1866, commander in 1879, and captain in 1885. In 1898-9 he was a Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria. He was appointed Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard in 1896, and afterwards, and until he became second in command of the Mediterranean fleet, he was the Superintendent of the Malta Dockyard. He became rear-admiral in August, 1899. Our portrait is by West and Son, Southsea.

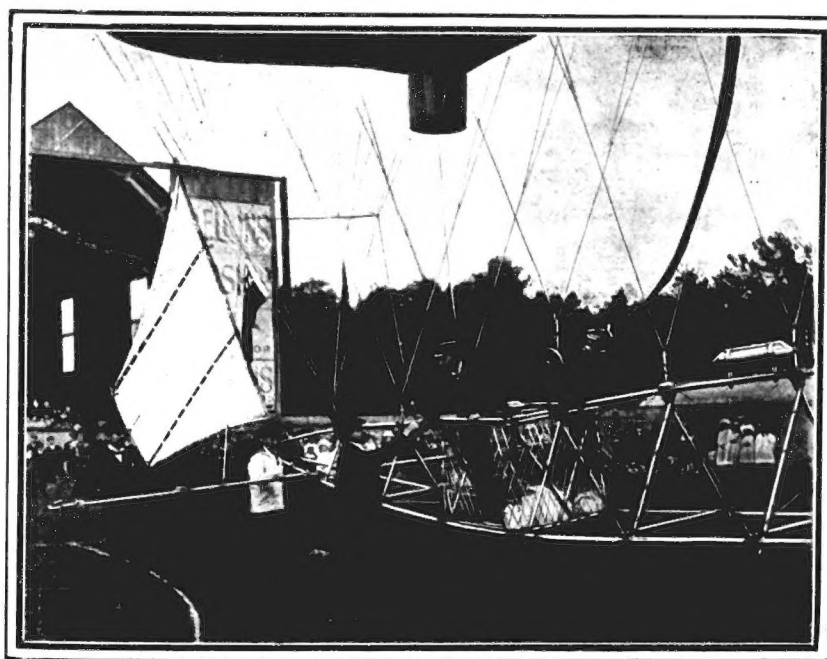
Professor John James Hummel, whose death occurred at Glasgow, was principal of the dyeing department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. In 1880 he became instructor of dyeing at the college, and was afterwards appointed to a professorship. Professor Hummel was a Fellow of the Institute of

Chemists, the author of a work on the dyeing of textile fabrics, and wrote numerous papers on dyeing and bleaching. Our portrait is by Rosemont, Leeds.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HUMMEL
Of Yorkshire College, LeedsTHE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL BURGESS WATSON
Second in command in the MediterraneanTHE LATE MR. H. R. GRENFELL
Formerly Governor of the Bank of England

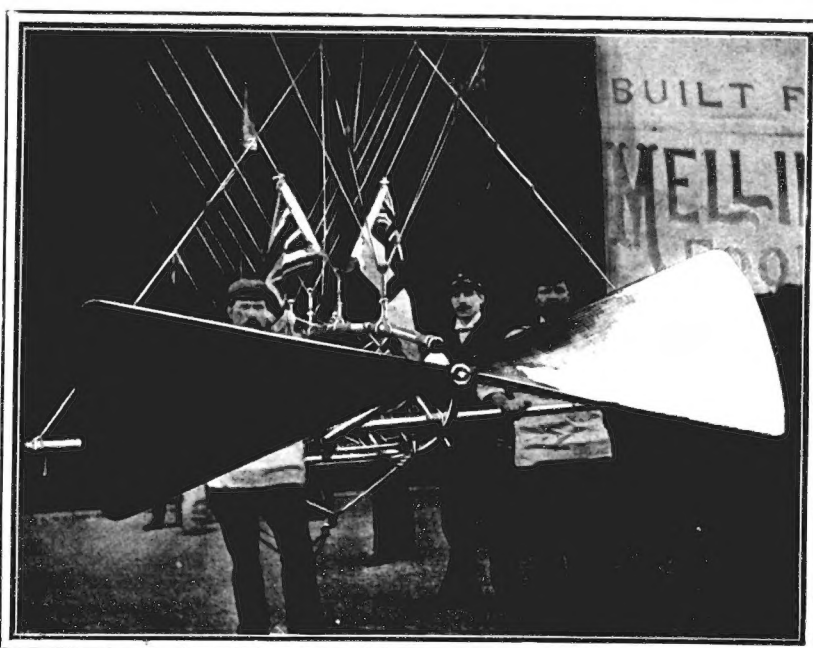
WELL ON THE WAY

that the present Cabinet will meet the Chamber next month with that united front which is desirable in any Ministry, but more than anywhere in a French Ministry.



MR. SPENCER READY TO START

The airship which Mr. Stanley Spencer successfully sailed across London from the Crystal Palace is a huge cigar-shaped gas bag, with a framework beneath in which the aeronaut sits. It weighs 650lb., of which 200lb. is the weight of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power petrol motor, which supplies the propelling force. At present a supply of oil

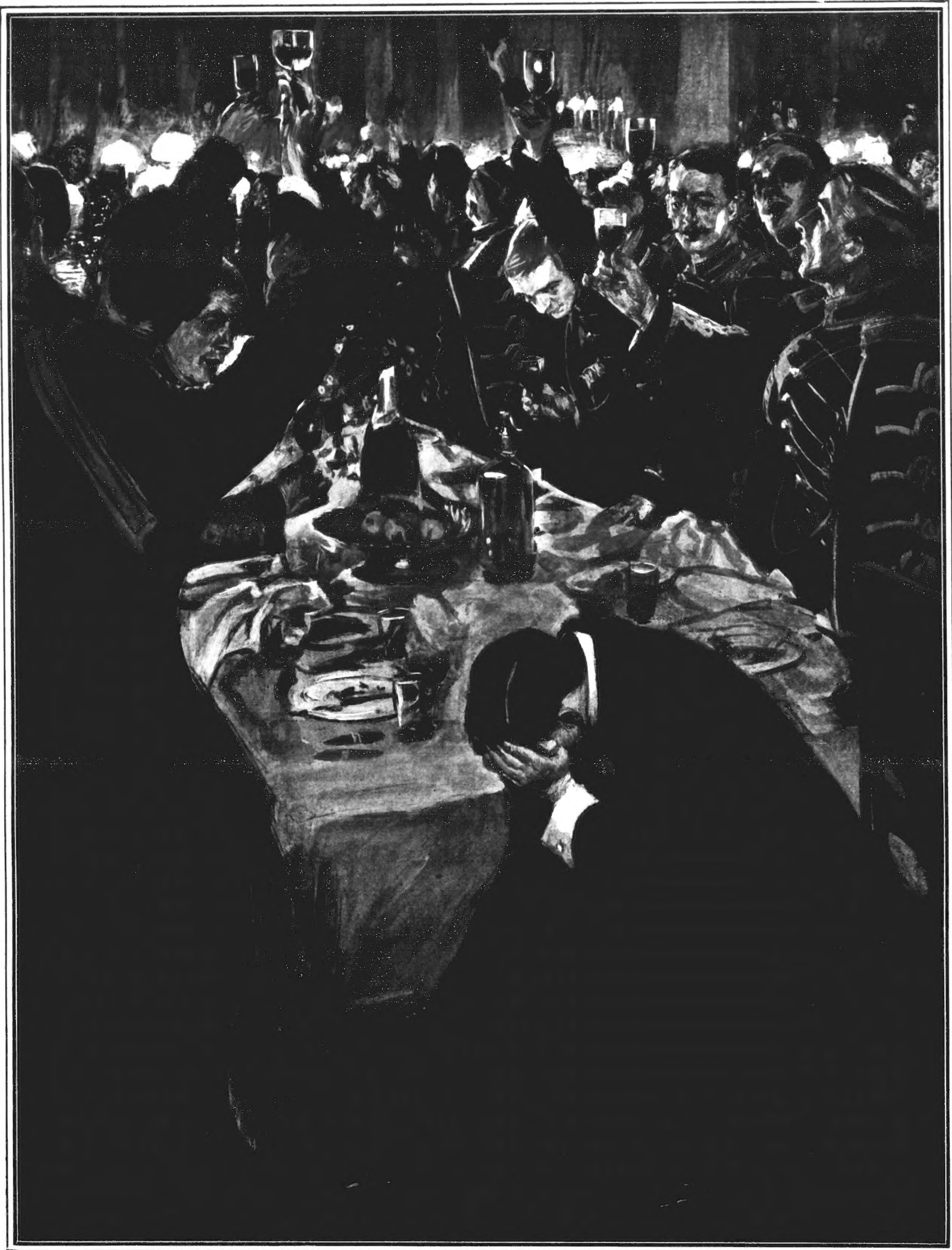


THE PROPPELLING APPARATUS

sufficient only for a two hours' sail can be carried, but Mr. Spencer, who is contemplating the construction of a larger machine, states that he will greatly increase the capacity of the petrol tank. It should be stated that this was the first time an airship had ever crossed over London.

ACROSS LONDON IN AN AIRSHIP: THE START FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE

From Photographs by P. Spencer, and Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace



"THE BEST OF FRIENDS": THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO THE YEOMANRY IN THE DUKE OF RICHBOROUGH'S HALL (ACT II.)

MR. CECIL RALEIGH'S NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



"Here is something else," said the officer, drawing the roll of Marcus's cherished letter from her breast. "Not that, not that!" the poor girl gasped. "Give it here," said Simeon, stretching out his lean hand.

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SANHEDRIM

THE Jewish soldiers haled Miriam roughly through dark and tortuous streets, bordered by burnt-out houses, and up steep stone slopes deep with the debris of the siege. Indeed, they had need to hasten, for, lit with the lamp of flaming dwellings, behind them flowed the tide of war. The Romans, driven back from this part of the city by that day's furious sally, under cover of the night, were re-occupying in overwhelming strength the ground that they had lost, forcing the Jews before them and striving to cut them off from their stronghold in the Temple and that part of the Upper City which they still held.

The party of Jews who had Miriam in their charge were returning to the Temple enclosure, which they could not reach from the north or east because the outer courts and cloisters of the Holy House were already in possession of the Romans. So it happened that they were obliged to make their way round by the Upper City, a long and tedious journey. Once during that night they were driven to cover until a great company of Romans had marched past. Caleb wished to

attack them, but the other captains said that they were too few and weary, so they lay hid for nearly three hours, then went on again. After this there were other delays at gates still in the hands of their own people, which one by one were unbolted to them. Thus it was not far from daylight when at length they passed over a narrow bridge that spanned some ravine and through massive doors into a vast, dim place which, as Miriam gathered from the talk of her captors, was the inner enclosure of the Temple. Here, at the command of that captain who had ordered her to be slain, she was thrust into a small cell in one of the cloisters. Then the men in charge of her locked the door and went away.

Sinking exhausted to the floor, Miriam tried to sleep, but could not, for her brain seemed to be on fire. Whenever she shut her eyes there sprang up before them visions of some dreadful scene which she had witnessed, while in her ears echoed now the shouts of the victors, now the pitiful cry of the dying, and now again the voice of the wounded Marcus calling her "Most Beloved." Was this indeed so, she wondered? Was it possible that he had not forgotten her during those years of separation when there must have been so many lovely ladies striving to win him, the rich, high-placed Roman lord, to be their lover or their husband? She did not know, she could not tell: perhaps, in such a plight, he would

have called any woman who came to save him his Most Beloved, yes, even old Nehushta, and even then and there she smiled a little at the thought. Yet his voice rang true, and he had sent her the ring, the pearls and the letter, that letter which, although she knew every word of it, she still carried hidden in the bosom of her robe. Oh! she believed that he did love her, and, believing, rejoiced with all her heart that it had pleased God to allow her to save his life, even at the cost of her own. She had forgotten. There was his wound—he might die of it. Nay, surely he would not die. For her sake, the Essenes who knew him would treat him well, and they were skilful leeches; also, what better nurse than Nehushta could be found? Ah! poor Nou, how she would grieve over her. What sorrow must have taken hold of her when she heard the rock door shut and found that her nursing was cut off and captured by the Jews.

Happy, indeed, was it for Miriam that she could not witness what had chanced on the further side of that block of stone; that she could not see Nehushta beating at it with her hands and striving to thrust her thin fingers to the latch which she had no instrument to lift, until the bones were stripped of skin and flesh. That she could not hear Marcus, come to himself again but unable to rise from off his knees, cursing and raving with agony at her loss, and

because she, the tender lady whom he loved, for his sake had fallen into the hands of the relentless Jews. Yes, that she could not hear him cursing and raving in his utter helplessness, till at length the brain gave in his shattered head, and he fell into a fevered madness, that for many weeks was unpierced by any light of reason or of memory. All this, at least, was spared to her.

Well, the deed was done and she must pay the price, for without a doubt they would kill her, as they had a right to do, who had saved a Roman general from their clutches. Or if they did not, Caleb would, Caleb whose bitter jealousy, as her instinct told her, had turned his love to hate. Never would he let her live to fall, perchance, as his share of the Temple spoil, into the hands of the Roman rival who had escaped him.

It was not too great a price. Because of the birth doom laid upon her, even if he sought it, and fortune brought them together again, she could never be a wife to Marcus. And for the rest she was weary, sick with the sight and sound of slaughter and with the misery that in these latter days, as her Lord had prophesied, was come upon the city that rejected Him and the people who had slain Him, their Messiah. Miriam wished to die, to pass to that home of perfect and eternal peace in which she believed; where, mayhap, it might be given to her in reward of her sufferings, to watch from afar over the soul of Marcus, and to make ready an abode for it to dwell in through all the ages of infinity. The thought pleased her, and lifting his ring, she pressed it to her lips, which that very night had been pressed upon his lips, then drew it off and hid it in her hair. She wished to keep that ring until the end, if so she might. As for the pearls, she could not hide them, and though she loved them as his gift—well, they must go to the hand of the spoiler, and to the necks of other women, who would never know their tale.

This done Miriam rose to her knees and began to pray with the vivid, simple faith that was given to the first children of the Church. She prayed for Marcus, that he might recover and not forget her, and that the light of truth might shine upon him; for Nebushta, that her sorrow might be soothed; for herself, that her end might be merciful and her awakening happy; for Caleb, that his heart might be turned; for the dead and dying, that their sins might be forgiven; for the little children, that the Lord of Pity would have pity on their sufferings; for the people of the Jews, that He would lift the rod of His wrath from off them; yes, and even for the Romans, though for these, poor maid, she knew not what petition to put up.

Her prayer finished, once more Miriam strove to sleep and dozed a little, to be aroused by a curious sound of feeble sighing, which seemed to come from the further side of the cell. By now the dawn was streaming through the stone lattice-work above the doorway, and in its faint light Miriam saw the outlines of a figure with snowy hair and beard wrapped in a filthy robe which had once been white. At first she thought that this figure must be a corpse thrust here out of the way of the living, it was so stirless. But corp she do not sigh as this man seemed to do. Who could he be? she wondered. A prisoner like herself, left to die, as, perhaps, she would be left to die? The light grew a little. Surely there was something familiar about the shape of that white head. She crept nearer, thinking that she might be able to help this old man who was so sick and suffering. Now she could see his face and the hand that lay upon his breast. They were those of a living skeleton, for the bones stood out, and over them the yellow skin was drawn like shrivelled parchment; only the deep sunk eyes still shone round and bright. Oh! she knew the face. It was that of Theophilus the Essene, a past president of the order indeed, who had been her friend from earliest childhood and the master who taught her languages in those far-off happy years which she spent in the village by the Dead Sea. This Theophilus she had found dwelling with the Essenes in their cavern home, and none of them had welcomed her more warmly. Some ten days ago, against the advice of Ithiel and others, he had insisted upon creeping out to take the air and gather news in the city. Then he was a stout and hale old man, although pale-faced from dwelling in the darkness. From that journey he had not returned. Some said that he had fled to the country, others that he had gone over to the Romans, and yet others that he had been slain by some of Simon's men. Now she found him thus!

Miriam came and bent over him.

"Master," she said, "what ails you? How came you here?"

He turned his hollow, vacant eyes upon her face.

"Who is it that speaks to me thus gently?" he asked in a feeble voice.

"I, your ward, Miriam."

"Miriam, Miriam! What does Miriam in this torture-den?"

"Master, I am a prisoner. But speak of yourself."

"There is little to say, Miriam. They caught me, those devils, and seeing that I was still well-fed and strong, although sunk in years, demanded to know whence I had my food in this city of starvation. To tell them would have been to give up our secret and to bring doom upon the brethren, and upon you, our guest and lady. I refused to answer, so, having tortured me without avail, they cast me in here to starve, thinking that hunger would make me speak. But I have not spoken. How could I who have taken the oath of the Essenes, and been their ruler. Now at length I die."

"Oh! say not so," said Miriam, wringing her hands.

"I do say it and I am thankful. Have you any food?"

"Yes, a piece of dried meat and barley bread, which chanced to be in my robe when I was captured. Take them and eat."

"Nay, Miriam, that desire has gone from me, nor do I wish to live, whose days are done. But save the food, for doubtless they will starve you also. And, look, there is water in that jar, they gave it me to make me live the longer. Drink, drink while you can, who to-morrow may be thirsty."

For a time there was silence, while the tears that gathered in Miriam's eyes fell upon the old man's face.

"Weep not for me," he said presently, "who go to my rest. How came you here?"

She told him as briefly as she might.

"You are a brave woman," he said when she had finished, "and that Roman owes you much. Now I, Theophilus, who am about to die, call down the blessing of God upon you, and upon him also

for your sake, for your sake. The shield of God be over you in the slaughter and the sorrow."

Then he shut his eyes and either could not or would not speak again.

Miriam drank of the pitcher of water, for her thirst was great. Crouched at the side of the old Essene, she watched him till at length the door opened, and two gaunt, savage-looking men entered, who went to where Theophilus lay and kicked him brutally.

"What would you now?" he said, opening his eyes.

"Wake up, old man," cried one of them. "See, here is flesh," and he thrust a lump of some filthy carrion to his lips. "Smell it, taste it," he went on, "ah! is it not good? Well, tell us where is that store of food which made you so fat who now are so thin, and you shall have it all, yes, all, all."

Theophilus shook his head.

"Bethink you," cried the man, "if you do not eat, by sunrise to-morrow you will be dead. Speak then and eat, obstinate dog, it is your last chance."

"I eat not and I tell not," answered the aged martyr in a voice like a hollow groan. "By to-morrow's sunrise I shall be dead, and soon you and all this people will be dead, and God will have judged each of us according to his works. Repent you, for the hour is at hand."

Then they cursed him and smote him because of his words of ill-omen, and so went away taking no notice of Miriam in her corner. When they had gone she came forward and looked. His jaw had fallen. Theophilus the Essene was at peace.

Another hour went by. Once more the door was opened and there appeared that captain who had ordered her to be killed. With him were two Jews.

"Come, woman," he said, "to take your trial."

"Who is to try me?" Miriam asked.

"The Sanhedrim, or as much as is left of it," he answered.

"Stir now, we have no time for talking."

So Miriam rose and accompanied them across the corner of the vast court, in the centre of which the Temple rose in all its glittering majesty. As she walked she noticed that the pavement was dotted with corpses, and that from the cloisters without went up flames and smoke. They seemed to be fighting there, for the air was full of the sound of shouting, above which echoed the dull, continuous thud of battering rams striking against the massive walls.

They took her into a great chamber supported by pillars of white marble, where many starving folk, some of them women who carried or led hollow-checked children, sat silent on the floor, or wandered to and fro, their eyes fixed upon the ground as though in aimless search for they knew not what. On a dais at the end of the chamber twelve or fourteen men sat in carved chairs; other chairs stretched to the right and left of them, but these were empty. The men were clad in magnificent robes, which seemed to hang ill upon their gaunt forms, and, like those of the people in the hall, their eyes looked scared and their faces were white and shrunken. These were all who were left of the Sanhedrim of the Jews.

As Miriam entered one of their number was delivering judgment upon a wretched starving man. Miriam looked at the judge. It was her grandfather, Benoni, but oh! how changed. He who had been tall and upright was now drawn almost double, his teeth showed yellow between his lips, his long white beard was ragged and had come out in patches, his hand shook, his gorgeous head-dress was awry. Nothing was the same about him except his eyes, which still shone bright but with a fiercer fire than of old. They looked like the eyes of a famished wolf.

"Man, have you aught to say?" he was asking of the prisoner.

"Only this," the prisoner answered. "I had hidden some food, my own food, which I bought with all that remained of my fortune. Your hyena men caught my wife, and tormented her until she showed it to them. They fell upon it, and, with their comrades, ate it nearly all. My wife died of starvation and her wounds, my children died of starvation, all except one, a child of six, whom I fed with what remained. Then she began to die also, and I bargained with the Roman, giving him jewels and promising to show him the weak place in the wall if he would convey the child to his camp and feed her. I showed him the place, and he fed her in my presence, and took her away, whither I know not. But, as you know, I was caught, and the wall was built up, so that no harm came of my treason. I would do it again to save the life of my child, twenty times over, if needful. You murdered my wife and my other children, murder me also if you will. I care nothing."

"Wretch," said Benoni, "what are your miserable wife and children compared to the safety of this holy place, which we defend against the enemies of Jehovah. Lead him away, and let him be slain upon the wall, in the sight of his friends, the Romans."

"I go," said the victim, rising and stretching out his hands to the guards, "but may you also all be slain in the sight of the Romans, you mad murderers, who, in your lust for power, have brought doom and agony upon the people of the Jews."

Then they dragged him out, and a voice called—"Bring in the next traitor."

Now Miriam was brought forward. Benoni looked up and knew her.

"Miriam?" he gasped, rising, to fall back again in his seat, "Miriam, you here?"

"It seems so, grandfather," she answered quietly.

"There is some mistake," said Benoni. "This girl can have harmed none. Let her be dismissed."

The other judges looked up.

"Best hear the charge against her first?" said one suspiciously, while another added, "Is not this the woman who dwelt with you at Tyre, and who is said to be a Christian?"

"We do not sit to try questions of faith, at least not now," answered Benoni evasively.

"Woman, is it true that you are a Christian?" queried one of the judges.

"Sir, I am," replied Miriam, and at her words the faces of the Sanhedrim grew hard as stones, while someone watching in the crowd hurled a fragment of marble at her.

"Let be for this time," said the judge, "as the Rabbi Benoni

says, we are trying questions of treason, not of faith. Who accuses this woman, and of what?"

A man stepped forward, that captain who had wished to put Miriam to death, and she saw that behind him were Caleb, who looked ill at ease, and the Jew who had guarded Marcus.

"I accuse her," he said, "of having released the Roman prefect, Marcus, whom Caleb here wounded and took prisoner in the fighting yesterday, and brought into the Old Tower, where he was laid till we knew whether he would live or die."

"The Roman prefect, Marcus?" said one. "Why, he is the friend of Titus, and would have been worth more to us than a hundred common men. Also, throughout this war, none has done us greater mischief. Woman, if, indeed, you let him go, no death can repay your wickedness. Did you let him go?"

"That is for you to discover," answered Miriam, for now that Marcus was safe she would tell no more lies.

"This renegade is insolent, like all her accursed sect," said the judge, spitting on the ground. "Captain, tell your story, and be brief."

He obeyed. After him that soldier was examined from whose hand Miriam had struck the lantern. Then Caleb was called and asked what he knew of the matter.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that I took the Roman and saw him laid in the tower, for he was senseless. When I returned the Roman had gone, and this lady Miriam was there, who said that he had escaped by the doorway. I did not see them together, and know no more."

"That is a lie," said one of the judges roughly. "You told the captain that Marcus had been her lover. Why did you say this?"

"Because years ago by Jordan she, who is a sculptor, graven a likeness of him in stone," answered Caleb.

"Are artists always the lovers of those whom they picture, Caleb?" asked Benoni, speaking for the first time.

Caleb made no answer, but one of the Sanhedrim, a sharp-faced man, named Simeon, the friend of Simon, the son of Gioras, the Zealot, who sat next to him, cried, "Cease this foolishness; the daughter of Satan is beautiful; doubtless Caleb desires her for himself; but what has that to do with us, though?" he added vindictively, "it should be remembered against him that he is striving to hide the truth."

"There is no evidence against this woman, let her be set free," exclaimed Benoni.

"So we might expect her grandfather to think," said Simeon, with sarcasm. "Little wonder that we are smitten with the Sword of God when Rabbis shelter Christians because they chance to be of their house, and when warriors bear false witness concerning them because they chance to be fair. For my part I say that she is guilty, and has hidden the man away in some secret place. Otherwise why did she dash the light from the soldier's hand?"

"Mayhap to hide herself lest she should be attacked," answered another, "though how she came in the tower, I cannot guess."

"I lived there," said Miriam. "It was bricked up until yesterday and safe from robbers."

"So!" commented that judge, "you lived alone in a deserted tower like a bat or an owl, and without food or water. Then these must have been brought to you from without the walls, perhaps by some secret passage that was known to none, down which you loosed the Prefect, but had no time to follow him. Woman, you are a Roman spy as a Christian well might be. I say that she is worthy of death."

Then Benoni rose and rent his robes.

"Does not enough blood run through these holy courts?" he asked, "that you must seek that of the innocent also? What is your oath? To do justice and to convict only upon clear, unshaken testimony. Where is this testimony? What is there to show that the girl Miriam had any dealings with this Marcus, whom she had not seen for years? In the Holy Name I protest against this iniquity."

"It is natural that you should protest," said one of his brethren.

Then they fell into discussion, for the question perplexed them sorely, who, although they were savage, still wished to be honest.

Suddenly Simeon looked up, for a thought had struck him.

"Search her," he said. "She is in good case, she may have food, or the secret of food, about her, or," he added—"other things."

Now two hungry-looking officers of the court seized Miriam and rent her robe open at the breast with their rough hands, since they would not be at the pains of loosening it.

"See," cried one of them, "here are pearls, fit wear for so fine a lady. Shall we take them?"

"Fool, let the trinkets be," answered Simeon angrily. "Are we common thieves?"

"Here is something else," said the officer, drawing the roll of Marcus's cherished letter from her breast.

"Not that, not that," the poor girl gasped.

"Give it here," said Simeon, stretching out his lean hand.

Then he undid the silk case and, opening the letter, read its first lines aloud. "To the lady Miriam, from Marcus the Roman, by the hand of the Captain Gallus." What say you to that, Benoni and brethren? Why, there are pages of it, but here is the end: 'Farewell, your ever faithful friend and lover, Marcus.' So, let those read it who have the time; for my part I am satisfied. This woman is a traitress; I give my vote for death."

"It was written from Rome two years ago," pleaded Miriam; but no one seemed to heed her, for all were talking at once.

"I demand that the whole letter be read," shouted Benoni.

"We have no time, we have no time," answered Simeon.

"Other prisoners await their trial, the Romans are battering at our gates. Can we waste more precious minutes over this Christian spy? Away with her."

"Away with her," said Simon the son of Gioras, and the others nodded their heads in assent.

Then they gathered together discussing the manner of her end, while Benoni stormed at them in vain. Not quite in vain, however, for they yielded something to his pleading.

"So be it," said their spokesman, Simon the Zealot. "This is our sentence on the traitress—that she suffer the common fate of traitors and be taken to the upper gate, called the Gate Nicanor,

that divides the Court of Israel from the Court of Women, and bound with the chain to the central column that is over the gate, where she may be seen both of her friends the Romans and of the people of Israel whom she has striven to betray, there to perish of hunger and of thirst, or in such fashion as God may appoint, for so shall we be clean of a woman's blood. Yet, because of the prayer of Benoni, our brother, of whose race she is, we decree that this sentence shall not be carried out before the set of sun, and that if in the meanwhile the traitress elects to give information that shall lead to the recapture of the Roman prefect, Marcus, she shall be set at liberty without the gates of the Temple. The case is finished. Guards, take her to the prison whence she came."

So they seized Miriam and led her thence through the crowd of onlookers, who paused from their wanderings and weary searching of the ground to spit at or curse her, and thrust her back into her cell and to the company of the cold corpse of Theophilus the Essene.

Here Miriam sat down, and partly to pass the time, partly because she needed it, ate the bread and dried flesh which she had left hidden in the cell. After this sleep came to her, who was tired out, and the worst being at hand, had nothing more to fear. For four or five hours she rested sweetly, dreaming that she was a girl again, gathering flowers on the banks of Jordan in the spring season, till at length a sound caused her to awake. She looked up to see Benoni standing before her.

"What is it, grandfather?" she asked.

"Oh! my child," groaned the wretched old man, "I am come here at some risk, for because of you and for other reasons they suspect me, those wolf-hearted men, to bid you farewell and to ask your pardon."

"Why should you ask my pardon, grandfather? Seeing things as they see them, the sentence is just enough. I am a Christian, and—if you would know it—I did, as I hope, save the life of Marcus, for which deed my own is forfeit."

"How?" he asked.

"That, grandfather, I will not tell you."

"Tell me, and save yourself. There is little chance that they will take him, since the Jews have been driven from the Old Tower."

"The Jews might recapture the tower, and I will not tell you. Also, the lives of others are at stake, of my friends who have sheltered me, and who, as I trust, will now shelter him."

"Then you must die, and by this death of shame, for I am powerless to save you. Yes, you must die tied to a pinnacle of the gateway, a mockery to friend and foe. Why, if it had not been that I still have some authority among them, and that you are of my blood, girl though you be, they would have crucified you upon the wall, serving you as the Romans serve our people."

"If it pleases God that I should die, I shall die. What is one life among so many tens of thousands? Let us talk of other things while we have time."

"What is there to talk of, Miriam, save misery, misery, misery?" and again he groaned. "You were right, and I have been wrong. That Messiah of yours whom I rejected, yes, and still reject, had at least the gift of prophecy, for the words that you read me yonder in Tyre will be fulfilled upon this people and city, aye, to the last letter. The Romans hold even the outer courts of the Temple; there is no food left. In the upper town the inhabitants devour each other and die, and die till none can bury the dead. In a day or two, or ten—what does it matter?—we who are left must perish also by hunger and the sword. The nation of the Jews is trodden out, the smoke of their sacrifices goes up no more, and the Holy House that they have builded will be pulled stone from stone, or serve as a temple for the worship of heathen gods."

"Will Titus show no mercy? Can you not surrender?" asked Miriam.

"Surrender? To be sold as slaves or dragged a spectacle at the wheels of Cesar's triumphal car through the shouting streets of Rome? No, girl, best to fight it out. We will seek mercy of Jehovah and not of Titus. Oh! I would that it were done with, for my heart is broken, and this judgment is fallen on me—that I, who, of my own will, brought my daughter to her death, must bring her daughter to death against my will. If I had hearkened to you, you would have been in Pella, or in Egypt. I lost you, and, thinking you dead, what I have suffered no man can know. Now I find you, and because of the office that was thrust upon me, I, even I, from whom your life has sprung, must bring you to your doom."

"Grandfather," Miriam broke in, wringing her hands, for the grief of this old man was awful to witness, "cease, I beseech you, cease. Perhaps after all I shall not die."

He looked up eagerly. "Have you hope of escape?" he asked. "Perchance Caleb—"

"Nay, I know naught of Caleb, except that there is still good in his heart, since at the last he tried to save me—for which I thank him. Still, I had sooner perish here alone, who do not fear death in my spirit, whatever my flesh may fear, than escape hence in his company."

"What then, Miriam? Why should you think—?" and he paused.

"I do not think, I only trust in God and—hope. One of our faith, now long departed, who foretold that I should be born, foretold also that I should live out my life. It may be so—for that woman was holy, and a prophetess."

As she spoke there came a rolling sound like that of distant thunder, and a voice without called:

"Rabbi Benoni, the wall is down. Tarry not, Rabbi Benoni, for they seek you."

"Alas! I must begone," he said, "for some new horror is fallen upon us, and they summon me to the council. Farewell, most beloved Miriam. May my God and your God protect you, for I cannot. Farewell, and if, by any chance, you live, forgive me, and try to forget the evil that, in my blindness and my pride, I have brought upon yours and you, but oh! most of all upon myself."

Then he embraced her passionately and was gone, leaving Miriam weeping.

(To be continued)

The Latest Siamese Puzzle

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

ALTHOUGH there is only the shadow of a foundation for the report, recently published in Paris, that a regiment of Sikhs had "occupied" Kelantan (a Malay State under Siamese suzerainty), yet there are elements in the situation which may lead to awkward consequences. It is well known that Siam has for some time been



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE BRITISH AND FRENCH "SPHERES OF INFLUENCE" IN SIAM AND MALAY PENINSULA

restive under the attempted aggressions of the French, and a Siamese envoy has been recently sent to Paris to arrange a *modus vivendi*, if possible. While the negotiations are still going on comes the report of this "occupation" by Sikh troops, supposed to have been despatched from Singapore, and immediately the Colonial party in France clamour for similar advances from the French sphere. Only a few weeks ago French Chauvinists got up a scare on account of the supposed employment by Siam of 1,500 Sikh soldiers under British



The speeches of M. Pelletan, the French Minister of Marine, have excited much comment, and the French Premier has had practically to dissociate himself from the hostile utterances of his colleague, with regard to Italy, Germany, and England, made during a tour in Corsica, and to explain them away. Our photograph is by C. Chusseau Flavien

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE MAKING A SPEECH

officers. This report was founded on the fact that about 150 Indians were engaged at Bangkok on police duties under a couple of civilian police officers. The present army of occupation is found on inquiry to dwindle down in the same way to thirty Punjabis employed by the Rajah of Kelantan as a bodyguard.

These exaggerations and misunderstandings, absurd though they seem, have their origin in the unsatisfactory and unstable condition of Siamese affairs. Ever since the signature, in 1896, of the "declaration" by which Great Britain and France guaranteed to Siam the integrity of the territory embraced in the basin of the Menam and neighbouring rivers, together with the coast line from Muong Bang Tapan on the west to Muong Pasé on the east, France has regretted her share of the bargain, for the sphere of which she gained possession has proved of little worth, and at the same time she has eyed with disfavour the increasing influence of Britain in Siam proper.

Siam is the last remaining tropical Oriental kingdom to retain its independence, and with the example of Japan it has made efforts to preserve its national existence by adopting Western civilisation. The reforms introduced do not, however, go very deep, and it is to be feared that the Siamese are too indolent a people to carry through their schemes to a logical and practical conclusion. Among their aspirations has been that of reasserting their power in the native States of the Malay Peninsula. These States are governed by native Rajahs, and are peopled by Mohammedan Malays. The British Government controls certain of these States, chiefly by means of advisers or residents at the native courts. The most northern States under British control are Perak and Pahang, and immediately to the north of these lie the States of Kedah, Patani, Kelantan, and Tringganu. Over these Siam claims suzerainty, and has imitated Britain in sending residents, who, however, have not conducted themselves in British fashion, but have oppressed and antagonised the people, with the result that the Rajahs have appealed to Singapore for protection, and failing to get it, have taken steps to protect themselves from their unwelcome and unruly visitors.

The genuine grievances of the Malay Rajahs, and the disorders prevailing in their territories adjoining the British-protected Malay States, which are rapidly becoming models of progress and good government, make it difficult to avoid an extension of British influence if the evils are to be remedied. At the same time the temper of the French is well illustrated by their excitement over the supposed advance on Kelantan, and the situation is, as can be seen from this brief *résumé*, a delicate and difficult one which may well exercise the wits of diplomats in Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay.

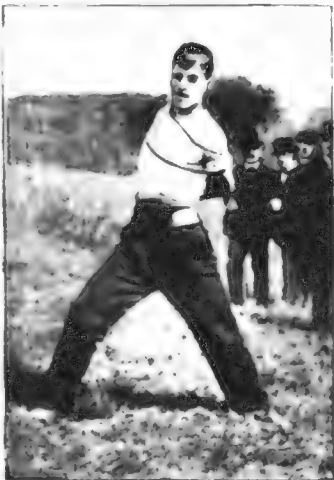
"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

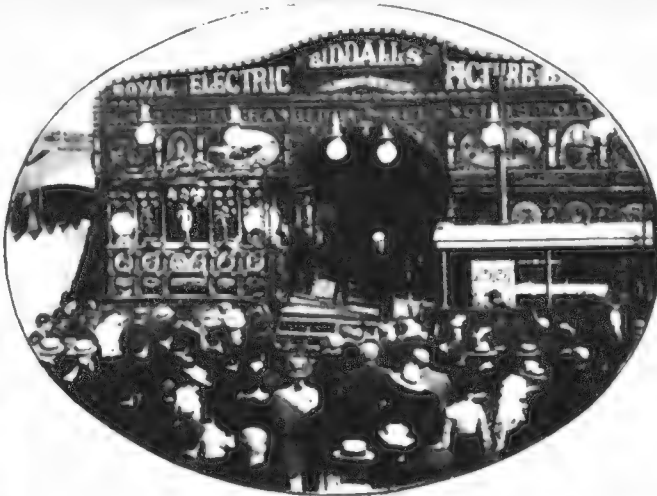
IT seems that stealing children has become an agreeable way of venting your spite against their mothers. Several cases have occurred lately of discharged servants adopting this mode of revenge. One little boy was stolen twice, after he had been recovered the first time, and in other instances the babies were only found after considerable trouble. One scarcely understands such short-sighted action on the part of servants, who must inevitably suffer in the long run; but that nurses are not generally very conscientious was exemplified on another occasion when the master and mistress of the house returned late to be met by the policeman, who informed them that all the servants were out. In answer to their doubts, he added that he knew where they were, and would show them if they liked. Accompanied by the faithful official, the fond father and mother proceeded to a low kind of dancing-hall, where they found all their servants dancing merrily, and the babies hung up in baskets round the wall! It is not always easy to identify a young baby without its clothes, and one distracted father could not swear to his own child. Such revelations ought to convince mothers that vulgar, uneducated women are the very worst companions for their children, and that ladies by birth and breeding are the proper guardians of youth.

I was present at a children's ball in France the other day where the ages of the children ranged from two to eight or nine. What struck me most was not their skill in dancing, or their neat and graceful steps. They had none. Some of them even possessed no idea of time, and they moved quite happily and wrongly to their heart's content. But the one trait peculiar to all the children was their perfect self-possession and absence of self-consciousness. A large circle of parents and strangers sat round and looked on, but these strange children appeared not to know it. They were like little men and women who have seen the world and are perfectly accustomed to its conditions. All the sweet caprice and awkwardness of childhood—its shyness, its embarrassed grace, its innocence and freshness—were wanting. This self-possession of young creatures has, no doubt, its advantages. Ripened by precocious experience, they do not ask so much of the ideal in life; they know what they want, and they generally manage to obtain it. We see this exemplified in the American character. But against that, is not childhood, with its joys and sorrows, a precious gift? Is not its unconsciousness a preparation for the future in which the character is strengthened, and a peculiar freshness of outlook maintained to later years? Those who have had a happy childhood surely develop into better men and women for it.

Someone has said that never did women expend so much time, trouble, and money on their dress as they do now. It amazes me sometimes to see the way girls dress who, one knows, have only a very limited income. Yet scarcely ever do they make anything for themselves. It is the fashion now to fly to shops for everything required in the household. Women rarely put their hand to useful things, while needlework is almost obsolete. Yet no woman is so well dressed as she who makes her own clothes, if she has once mastered the art, and a very valuable one it is in these days, when girls are constantly emigrating or marrying in the Colonies, where luxuries are scarce and good servants almost impossible to get. A lady who married straight from school went out to Florida and found herself obliged to cook and do all the housework, also to learn to ride and shoot with a revolver in the event of her husband's absence. That woman is now one of the best dressed women I know, for she can make everything and do everything.



THE ROPE TRICK



A POPULAR SHOW



STRAIGHTENING AN IRON BAR



A SHOWMAN'S NURSE



THE CATTLE FAIR



MIDGETS



A PERFORMING DOG



SWALLOWING A WATCH



LADIES OF THE VAN



TOOTH-DRAWING



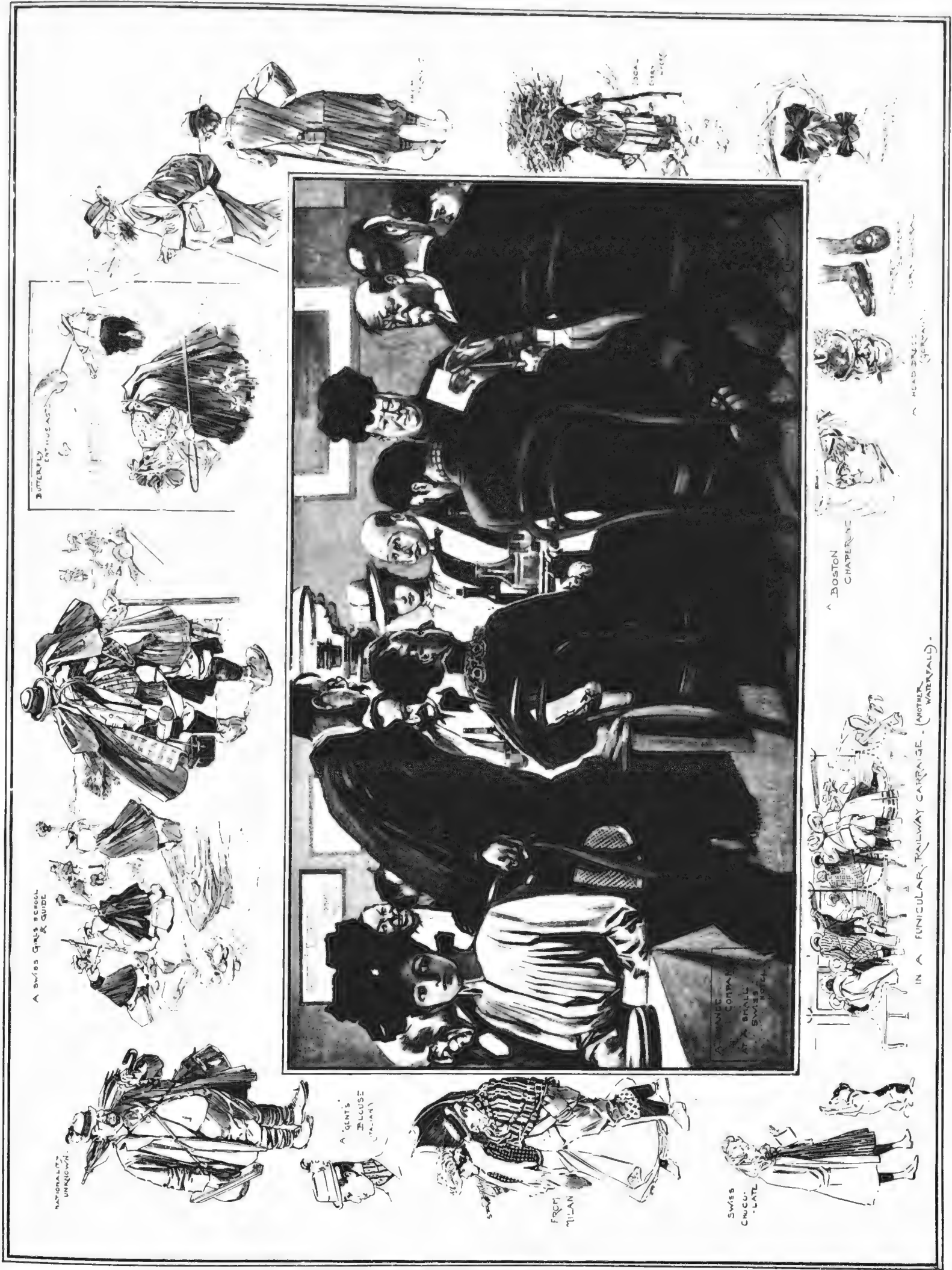
LIGHT REFRESHMENT—COCKLES



AN ACCIDENT: TAKING A CHILD TO THE HOSPITAL

SNAPSNOTS AT BARNET FAIR

From Photographs by Lewis Medland



HOLIDAY SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY REGINALD CLEVER

Queen Marie Henriette of Belgium

TRADITION has it that sorrow and trouble always overshadow the members of the Imperial House of Hapsburg. Certainly the life of the late Queen of the Belgians—by birth an Austrian Archduchess—supported the belief, for death and family troubles saddened her existence from very early years, and eventually made her almost a recluse. Marie Henriette Anne, second daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria, Palatine of Hungary, was only seven when she married Leopold, Duke of Brabant, then heir to the new Belgian Throne. The match was not thought very brilliant at the time, for the Belgian Kingdom was of too recent foundation to be quite secure. However, the Royal pair were married in 1835, first by proxy at the historic palace of Schonbrunn, where the Archduchess was born, and afterwards at Brussels, thus reviving the old union between Austria and the Netherlands. Highly educated, the bride thoroughly appreciated a honeymoon tour in the East—a greater novelty for Royalty then than now. Three daughters and a son were born to the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, and the mother was especially devoted to the only boy. In 1865 Leopold I. died, and the young couple had scarcely ascended the throne before the first shadow of trouble fell in the execution of Maximilian of Austria, married to King Leopold's sister, the unhappy Empress Charlotte. Queen Marie Henriette then simply devoted herself to her widowed sister-in-law, and for years never missed a day in visiting the Empress. Next came the death of the little Duke of Brabant when only ten years old, and the Queen herself declared that she never knew an hour's happiness after losing her son. From that time the Queen took as little part in public functions as possible, and devoted herself to charitable works and to the education of her daughters. The two elder married in due course, both unions proving unhappy. Princess Louise, who was united to Prince Philip of Coburg, was eventually separated from her husband, while the marriage of Princess Stéphanie and Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria ended in tragedy. One more death was another blow to the Queen—the loss of her nephew, Prince Baudoin, regarded as the heir to the Crown. The tastes of King Leopold and Queen Marie Henriette differing widely, the Queen withdrew more and more from public life, and spent all her leisure time in the Ardennes, making Spa her headquarters. In the winter she was at Laeken with the King, but directly spring came the Queen was away with her youngest daughter, Princess Clémentine, to Spa, where she could drive about free and unnoticed. In her younger days she was a fine horse-woman, but recently driving was her greatest pleasure, and Her Majesty and her ponies were familiar sights in the remote Ardennes villages, where the Queen would stop at the humble inns for her ponies to feed and would chat with the people in the most friendly way as she took some simple meal. She would drive many miles to attend any famous church, for Her Majesty was a highly devout Roman Catholic, as unostentatious in her piety as in her charity. Her benevolence and interest in the poor were most genuine, but were kept so secret that few of those whom she so freely helped knew whence the help came. A most accomplished woman, the Queen was particularly devoted to music, playing both the harp and piano brilliantly, and being the composer of one opera, *Wanda*. Of late years the Queen's health had failed greatly, and she remained almost entirely at Spa, where she built herself a charming house. Several times her life was despaired of, but she got over the illness, and when a fresh attack



BORN AUGUST 23, 1836

DIED SEPTEMBER 19, 1902

THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

of asthma occurred a few days since she seemed to recover once more. Indeed, so far was the end unexpected that King Leopold was taking a cure at Bagnères-de-Luchon, nor was Princess Clémentine with her mother. The Queen had sat down to dinner when a sudden heart-failure carried her off in a few moments, before even the doctor in the house could reach her. She was just sixty-six years of age. Queen Marie Henriette played no part in politics, and was comparatively little known to the majority of her subjects, but

she will be genuinely mourned by her people for her kindness of heart, her many charities and good works, and her blameless life.

The funeral of the Queen is quite in keeping with her simple tastes. There was no formal lying-in-state, but at Spa the public were allowed to pass before the coffin as it rested in the room adjacent to the late Queen's bedchamber, and arranged as a *chapelle ardente*. The first of the family to arrive after the death was the Princess Clémentine, the Queen's youngest daughter, and she was soon followed by Princess Stéphanie, now Countess Lonyay, who was in the mortuary chamber when King Leopold arrived. His Majesty has never forgiven his daughter for her second marriage, so he would not enter the room when she was there, and Princess Clémentine had to fetch her sister away. Princess Stéphanie was terribly upset by the King's attitude and left Spa at once, going to Brussels, where she attended a Requiem Mass at the Church of St. Jacques. The Princess afterwards left for Calais, where she joined her husband, and later attended a funeral service at the church of Notre Dame. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at Spa on Monday morning—by the late Queen's wish—and the body was then removed to Brussels en route for the family vault at Laeken, where Queen Marie Henriette will lie by the side of her beloved only son and Prince Baudoin. Her Majesty had wished to be buried at Spa, but this was contrary to precedent, so the body, on arriving at Brussels, was placed on a funeral car and taken in procession to Laeken. The final funeral ceremony takes place to-day, and none but immediate relatives will attend. King Edward proposed that the Duke of Connaught should represent him, but King Leopold decided that no foreign representatives should be present. Our Court, however, will go into mourning for three weeks.

The Photographic Salon

NINE years ago a body of earnest photographers, consisting of both professional and amateur workers, bound themselves into a brotherhood known as the "linked ring," and their praiseworthy, but hardly attainable, object was to raise the position of photography, so that it might be recognised as one of the fine arts. Their existence was made known to the public by the opening of a small exhibition of their works, at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, and this exhibition has been repeated year by year under the title "The Photographic Salon," so that the one which opened last Friday is the tenth of the series.

America lately seems to have awakened to the new method of handling the camera and lens, and pictures have found their way to this country which surpass in their eccentricity the most extravagant dreams of the impressionist school of workers. The new converts have been apparently welcomed with open arms, for we find, on reference to the catalogue of the present Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, that no fewer than one-third of the works hung are of Transatlantic origin. The Photographic Salon is, indeed, like other things just now, suffering from the American invasion, and this has had the effect of arresting its growth, and throwing it back to its crude beginnings.

Among the pictures, however, this year which will be much admired are found "A Quiet Port" by Mr. Stoiber, which is an excellent study of shipping; a portrait of Mr. Mitchell, by J. S. Lee; a good picture of an old peasant woman knitting, by Mrs. Sears; a finely lighted study, by Mr. Keighley, called "Ironing Day;" an evening effect by M. Paul Bourgeois; an Eastern scene, taken with his well-known skill, by Mr. Ashton; a clever portrait study by Mr. Craigie; and a breezy view of sand dunes at Camber, by Lord Maitland.



THE COUNTESS LONYAY (PRINCESS STÉPHANIE)
Photo by Otmar von Turk, Vienna



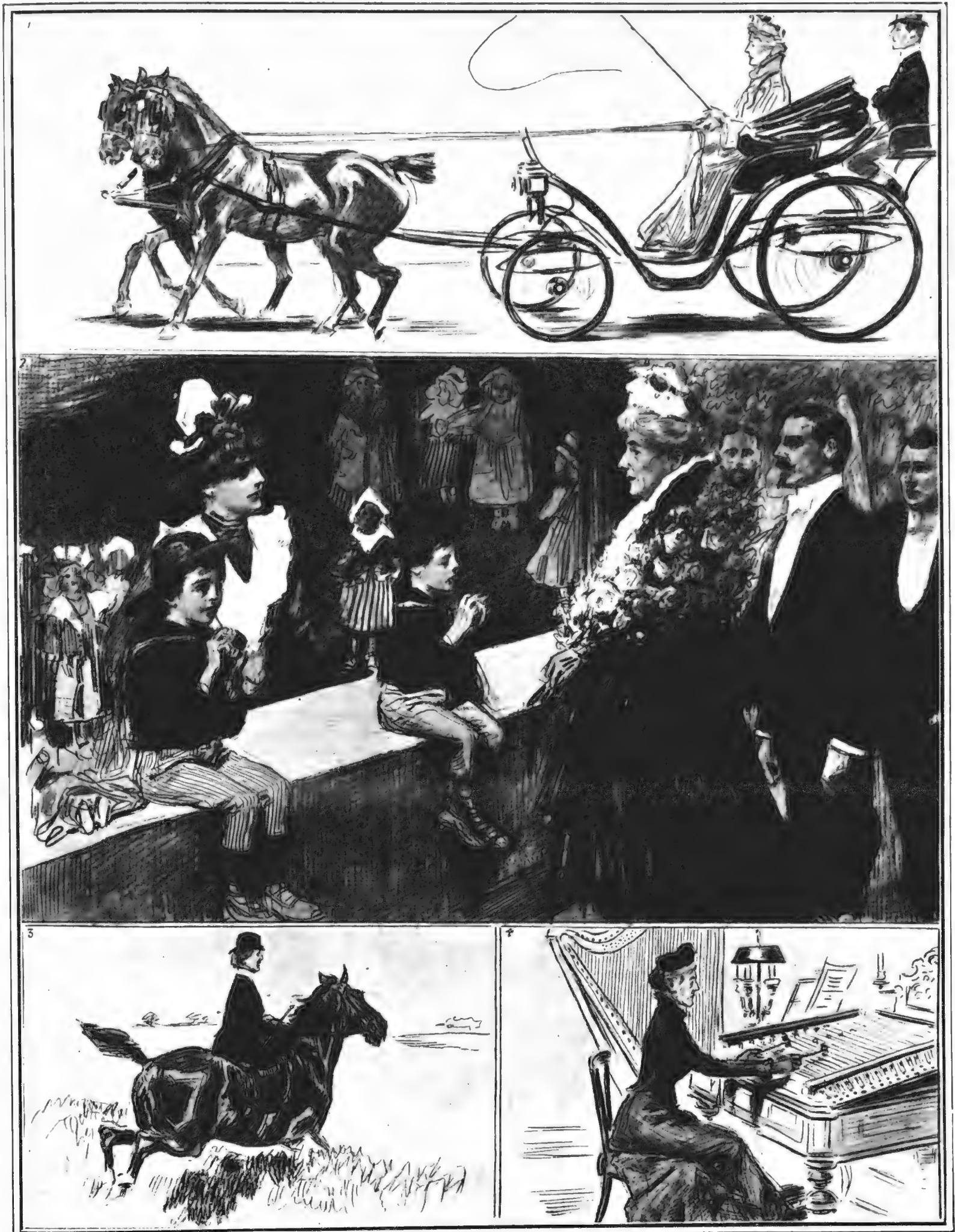
DRAWN BY G. SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY R. DITTELEUX

THE PUBLIC PASSING BEFORE THE COFFIN OF THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AT SPA



COUNT LONYAY



DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

FROM SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY "MARS"

1. Her Majesty driving a victoria and pair. 2. Her Majesty at a great charity fête: opening a bazaar in the Parc de Sept Heures. 3. Her Majesty as a horsewoman. 4. Her Majesty playing the cembalo, her favourite Hungarian instrument

THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: HER MAJESTY'S HOME LIFE AT SPA



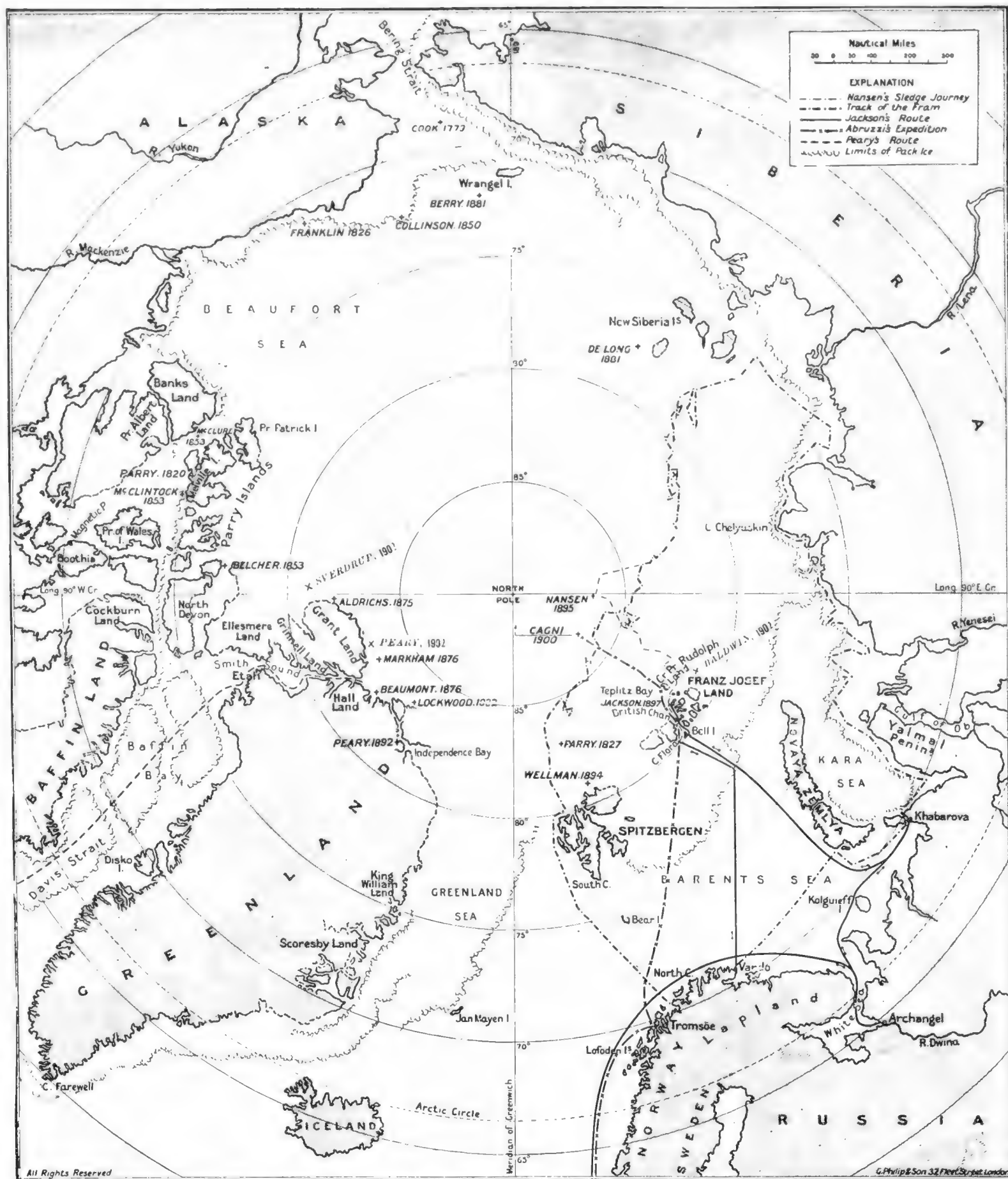
THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: CHURCH SERVICE ON BOARD THE ROYAL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.



QUEEN: CHURCH SERVICE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.



MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS, SHOWING THE FARTHEST POINTS NORTH REACHED BY RECENT EXPEDITIONS

Recent Arctic Expeditions

By Capt. F. G. JACKSON, Leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition

THE passion for adventure is inherent in our race, let alone our inborn love of the sea, and the interest of scientific curiosity which prompts men to go in search of the unknown. Thus, since the sixteenth century, when Sir Hugh Willoughby left the Thames with his three ships in quest of the North-West Passage, we have always taken a lively interest in Polar research. The best known expedition of the nineteenth century, although preceded by many others worthy of note, is Sir John Franklin's, whose heroic exploits and tragic fate, perishing closely within reach of the desired goal, deservedly endeared him to his countrymen. The results, when placed beyond all doubt by one of the parties sent in search of the missing explorers, cooled the national ardour for some considerable time, and it was not until 1875 that the representations of a few distinguished scientific men, backed by a small following of men jealous of the ancient honour of their country as pioneers of

geographical discovery, led to a fresh attempt at Arctic exploration. The object of the new expedition, as defined by Her Majesty's Government, was "to attain the highest northern latitude and, if possible, reach the North Pole, and explore from winter quarters the adjacent coasts within the reach of travelling parties, the limits of ship navigation being confined within about the meridians of 20 deg. and 90 deg. west longitude." The ships specially selected for this expedition were the *Alert* and *Discovery*. The chief command was given to Captain Nares, an officer who, as mate on board the *Resolute* and as captain of the *Challenger*, had already gained some knowledge of Arctic navigation as well as experience in conducting scientific investigations. Of the four routes, the Smith Sound route, the sea route between Greenland and Spitzbergen, the Franz Josef Land route and the Behring Straits route, the first-named was chosen, in the belief that, although the alleged existence of an open Polar sea might probably prove a vain and fond imagination, it would be possible to reach a high northern latitude with the aid of sledges. The vessels left on May 29, 1875, and crossed the Arctic circle on July 4. After carrying on sundry explorations in the Polar sea, the two vessels parted company. The *Discovery*

took up its winter quarters close to the shore of Lady Franklin's Sound, whilst the *Alert* proceeded by way of Robson's channel, and anchored in the vicinity of Floeberg Beach. The sombre features of Arctic scenery are graphically described by Captain (now Admiral) Markham. Few, he says, "are prepared for the utter dreariness which a long continuance of misty weather with a snow-charged atmosphere produces. No shadows or sky-line being visible, no measure of height or distance can be formed. The land and the ice-covered sea masked alike with snow are indistinguishable, and present a foggy appearance which is only found to be unreal when some dark object intercepts the view. A protracted experience of the Cimmerian darkness which reigns in the northern latitudes was gained at a later period when the vessels were wrapped in an atmosphere of more or less gloom for a period of about 140 days. But the gallant men and their able leaders made light of the discomforts to which they were daily exposed. A dome-shaped snow house, eight feet in diameter, had been constructed for the accommodation of the *Alert* party, and the men found plenty of occupation during the dreary winter months. The daily routine was breakfast at 7.30, after which a general muster on the deck.



PORTRAIT OF DONA ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL, CONSORT OF CHARLES V.
FROM THE PAINTING BY TITIAN IN THE MUSEO DEL PRADO, MADRID. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



"THE MANICURE"
FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY CARO DELRANTE, EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS IN LONDON EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT

Then, after prayers, and before the midday meal, the officers engaged in scientific observations and records, whilst the hands were employed either on board or in other necessary work. After dinner and a short rest the time was spent in study. The object of the expedition was, of course, steadily held in view, and every possible opportunity taken to realise it. Sledging parties were organised from time to time. The first one, under the command of Lieutenant Rawson of the *Discovery*, who had accompanied the *Alert* with the intention of acting as a go-between the two ships, was not very successful. The journey of Markham and Parr was crowned with greater success. The travellers reached the highest latitude thus far gained—83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec. N. As to the prospect of any further advance "an interminable pack, consisting of small floes hedged round by broad barriers of rough ice," forbade any progress. So, finding that it was impracticable to reach the North Pole by the Smith Sound route, the *Union Jack* was hoisted in the desolate northernmost region, 399 miles from the North Pole, after which the party retraced its steps homewards.

THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH EXPEDITION

A more recent British Polar Expedition is known as the "Jackson-Harmsworth" Expedition. It was in 1893 that Mr. Harmsworth offered to provide the necessary funds for my proposed expedition. I was thus enabled to undertake a journey to the unknown Arctic regions north of Franz Josef Land. In the seventeenth century this country, which I found to be an "Archipelago of small islands," had been apparently boarded by a whaler. Since then many attempts have been made to gain a fuller knowledge of the land, the most notable expedition previous to mine being the Austro-Hungarian, led by Weyprecht and Payer. I and my six companions spent three years in Franz Josef Land, during which time we thoroughly explored the several islands which constitute the group, establishing our headquarters up on Northbrook Island, where we built a hut and named it "Elmwood," out of compliment to Mr. Harmsworth. The record of the work accomplished by the expedition was published in my book, entitled "A Thousand Days in the Arctic," to which the reader must refer for fuller details. Among the many important additions to geographical knowledge is the discovery of several islands, and of a sea the most northern ocean in the eastern Polar area, which I named "Queen Victoria Sea." Another noteworthy feature of the expedition was the search for Gillis Land, said to have been discovered in 1707 by a Dutch sailor and named after him. I came to the conclusion, after a very trying journey through a "horrible" glaciated country with perpetual mists, howling blizzards and incessant snowfall, that Gillis Land had no existence in the latitude and longitude laid down in the maps. Thus I materially altered the map of Franz Josef Land. The most westerly point of Franz Josef Land I named Cape Mary Harmsworth. From it no land was visible, and the broken-up character of the ice confirmed my conviction that none existed. The scientific observations which we made on the meteorological and geological conditions of the country, and the birds and the botany of Franz Josef Land, shed light on matters of extreme importance hitherto most imperfectly known. All travellers should be interested in the important question of scurvy, which has played such sad havoc in the past, not only amongst Arctic explorers, but amongst all those who, far from any civilised centre, depend largely on tinned provisions. I am fully convinced, from my own experience, that this disease arises from the consumption of tainted food, and that the remedy in case of an attack is the substitution of fresh food, not necessarily vegetables. Lime-juice I found to be neither a preventative nor an antidote. I am glad to be able to say that in three years not one of us had an hour's illness, although there were, of course, the usual hardships and privations inseparable from Arctic explorations.

One of the most remarkable episodes during the three years spent in Franz Josef Land was my meeting with Nansen. I did not recognise him at once. We shook hands heartily, and I expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing him. It then struck me that his features, in spite of the black grease and long hair and beard, resembled Nansen, and I exclaimed, "Aren't you Nansen?" to which he replied, "Yes, I am Nansen." The expedition returned to England in September, 1897, and the chronicle records that the two things that we enjoyed most on our return to civilisation were a bottle of "Bass" and a slice of roast beef.

NANSEN

The story of the exploits of Nansen is still fresh in the recollection of the majority of our readers, so that it will be unnecessary to dwell on it at any great length. The hackneyed adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the thrilling narrative of Nansen's Arctic exploration. After a preliminary journey to Greenland, from which Nansen returned in May, 1889, a fresh expedition was organised under the auspices of the Government in 1892. The exploration was carried out on new and original lines. It is impossible, argued Dr. Nansen, judging from past experience, to sail to the Pole, for everywhere the ice proved an impenetrable barrier, and has stayed the progress of invaders on the threshold of the unknown regions. An advance by land would have been the best route, only, unfortunately, the land reaching to the Pole apparently does not exist. The idea of reaching the Pole by a balloon was dismissed as a trifle "light as air." The only way which remained open seemed to be to make Nature an ally instead of fighting against her. The find of a number of articles belonging to the ill-fated *Jeannette* on the coast of Greenland, whither they had floated from the opposite side of the Polar Sea, together with other evidence, led Dr. Nansen to the conclusion that a current flows across the North Pole from Behring Sea on the one side to the Atlantic Ocean on the other, and his plan was, therefore, to make his way into the current on that side of the Pole where it flows northward, and by its help to penetrate into those regions, which all who have hitherto worked against it have sought in vain to reach. Accordingly, the *Fram* was constructed, a three-masted schooner of great resisting power, the minimum thickness of the sides being twenty-eight inches, and so built as to be lifted by the pressure of the ice instead of being nipped by it. In shape the vessel was

pointed at each end. It was manned by a picked crew, had on board thirty-four dogs specially selected for the purpose. She was provisioned for five years. The expedition left Norway in the summer of 1893, and after delay caused by inaccurate maps and severe weather, anchored off the Sommit Island, being fastened to a large block of ice. Here, surrounded by immense ice-floes, the good ship stuck fast until the break up of the huge ice-packs permitted her to resume her journey. Although the *Fram* had reached an unparalleled latitude, Nansen was not content to sit still, but, accompanied by Johansen, resolved to push on in quest of the Pole. After a most difficult and exhausting journey, the ice with its lanes and ridges growing worse and worse—the diary records the triumph of 86 deg. 13.6 N.—the travellers were now about 250 miles from the Pole, but further progress northward being impossible, they thought it desirable to retrace their steps in a southern direction. They progressed very slowly, and the monotony of the life, with the severe discomforts undergone from day to day, might well have daunted the stoutest spirits. Nansen, however, never quailed. At last land was reached. "After two years," he writes, "we again see something rising above that never-ending white in the horizon yonder—a white line which for countless ages has stretched over this lovely sea, and which for millenniums to come will stretch in the same way." The travellers believed themselves in the western part of Franz Josef Land, and as they set foot on the lovely beach, with rose-coloured cliffs overhanging, indulged in visions of a speedy return to their homes. But their hopes were doomed to disappointment, for the delay arising from the bad weather which suddenly set in, and from other causes, retarded their advance considerably, so that it was found necessary to halt and make preparations for the passing of another winter in the inhospitable North. Winter quarters were accordingly constructed, and the ice-bound explorers, in an atmosphere of semi-darkness, without any books to beguile the weary hours, or the relaxation of outdoor exercise—the cold and darkness made it frequently impossible to leave the hut—and with no companions, spent the desolate months in eating bear and walrus whenever procurable, and sleeping away the remainder of the time. It was not till the spring of 1896 that the explorers were able to resume their homeward journey.

BARON NORDENSKIÖLD

Before Nansen, the most illustrious Scandinavian name in the Arctic annals had been undoubtedly that of Baron Nordenskiöld, who, before the epoch-making voyage in the *Vega*, had won fame by his exploration of Spitzbergen, discovered by Barents in 1596, and named by him New Land. The country, to mention only great attempts, had been visited by Lord Dufferin, James Lamont, A. Newton, Weyprecht and Payer, Wilczek, and others whose names are more or less familiar to students of Arctic history. Nordenskiöld's, I think, was done on a much larger and more thorough scale. He penetrated into many parts of the interior hitherto unknown, made a successful survey of the North-East Land, and was thus enabled to collect valuable information of the nature and condition of Spitzbergen. His Siberian voyages in 1875 and 1876, when he sailed through the Karian Sea to the mouth of the Jenisei, were of extreme interest to science as well as to commerce. But the crown of his labours was won in his expedition of 1878 in the *Vega*. He was the first to round the northernmost point of the old world, Cape Chelyuskin. After a winter of enforced inactivity in the vicinity of Behring Straits among the Chukches, who were not at all bad fellows, and whose civilisation might, perhaps, be profitably copied by us, at least in one respect (husbands never do anything without their wives' consent), the *Vega* moved on eastward, and Stockholm was reached in April. The problem had been successfully solved, the North-East passage had been discovered.

THE MOST RECENT EXPEDITIONS

But science is a great republic, where all have equal rights and all earnest workers are heartily welcomed. Other nations competed with ourselves and the sons of the Vikings to discover the secret so jealously guarded, century after century, by the Lady of the Ice and Snow. Our account of the expeditions must necessarily be brief. In addition to those incidentally mentioned, there was the Norwegian Expedition in 1898, under Captain Sverdrup, and which has just returned. A Russo-Swedish Expedition, under Ergomyshoff and eight officers, carrying on board a portable house, which had cost 1,360*l.* to build, set out in the same year for Spitzbergen, which, owing to the vast masses of ice, was reached with extreme difficulty. The Duke of the Abruzzi—not, by the way, the only Royal explorer, for in 1891, Prince Henry of Bourbon undertook a journey to Spitzbergen—left the fiords of Norway in 1899 on his *Stella Polare* for the Far North. The august travellers were away for eighteen months. Thoroughly provided with dogs, balloons, and the necessary equipment, they had the satisfaction of reaching the highest point thus far attained, 86 deg. 33 min. N.—the point marked "Cagni" on our map. The *Stella Polare* had many narrow escapes. The cold was intense (during the first night when the tent was erected the thermometer registered 17 deg. of frost), and the ship was blocked in the ice during eleven months, provisions running short, and necessitating the eating of dogs' flesh. Of the four parties into which the expedition was split up, the second never returned. The fourth, after an absence of 105 days, broke the Arctic record.

Passing on to the United States, we have the names of Kane, Hayes, who strongly believed in the existence of an open Polar sea, Hall, who died prematurely, and Greeley, who established a station on the eastern coast of Grinnell Land, lat. 81 deg. 44 min. N. Welman, an American journalist, reached Cape Tegethoff in July, 1898. The headquarters were erected on the beach where, twenty-five years before, Payer had set foot in Franz Josef Land. The winter was passed in taking scientific observations, and on February 18, 1899, Mr. Welman and three Norwegians and forty-five dogs started for the North. Notwithstanding the ice and violent gales a latitude of 82 deg. east of Rudolph Land was reached. On March 22 Mr. Welman met with a severe accident, and, owing to the terrible weather, the expedition had to

turn back. The point reached was twenty-five miles north-west of the Freeden Islands. Subsequently Mr. Baldwin thoroughly explored Wilczek, he discovering a large ice-covered island and several smaller islands. Mr. Welman, not discouraged by his comparative failure, still believes that it is possible to reach the Pole by Franz Josef Land. The most widely known amongst American explorers is probably Lieutenant Peary, who has spent ten years in Arctic research. In 1892 and 1893 he explored Greenland. His journeys were memorable on account of the discovery made by him that the north-eastern boundary of that country was an island ending in about lat. 82 N. In 1898, having been represented by Mr. Harmsworth with the *Windward*, Peary set out once more on a Polar campaign. After severe suffering—seven of his toes had to be amputated owing to frost-bite—and having spent the winter of 1899-1900 among the Eskimo at Etah on the Greenland coast, his intention was to cross Smith Sound to Cape Sabine and to make for Cape Hecla, the northernmost point of Grinnell Land. Here he intended to establish his last depot, from it make his departure on his finishing journey over the crystal waste extending to the Pole. His ill success and return is described below.

The Return of the Peary, Sverdrup and Baldwin Expeditions

By J. SCOTT KELTIE, F.R.G.S.

THE return of three important expeditions from the Arctic regions during the present month marks a further stage in Polar exploration. Two of the expeditions—those of Commander Peary and Captain Sverdrup—had each been four years in the Arctic circle, and their return this autumn had been anticipated. But the third expedition, that under the command of Mr. Evelyn Baldwin, for which the funds have been provided by Mr. Ziegler, one of America's numerous millionaires, returned unexpectedly, with its object unaccomplished. The Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition is distinguished from the other two expeditions by the fact that its avowed object was to reach the Pole, and that exploring and scientific work was a purely secondary consideration. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin, who hopes to return next year to Rudolf Land, and to renew his attempt to reach the Pole in the spring of 1904, has mapped a considerable number of islands which were before either wholly unknown or imperfectly surveyed, has secured a number of scientific observations, and has brought back a splendid series of photographs illustrating life in the Arctic regions. He made no attempt to establish a record northward, and the highest point reached on the European-Asiatic side of the Arctic circle still stands to the credit of the Italian Captain Cagni.

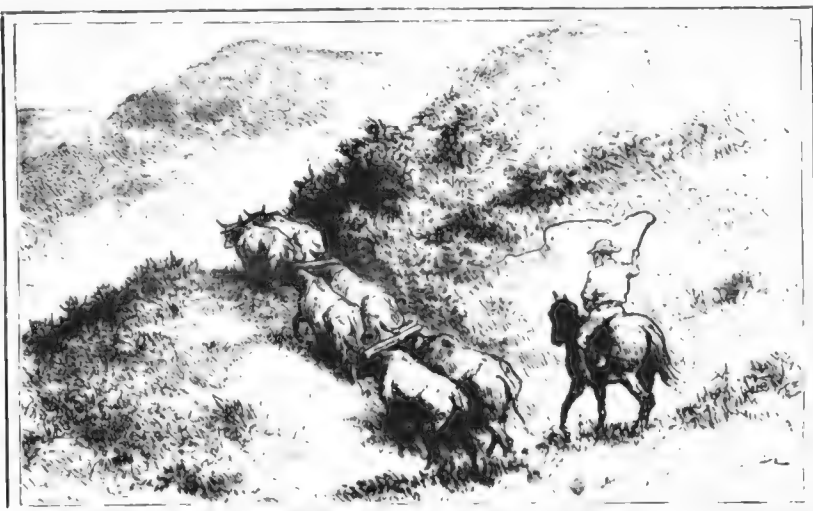
While Mr. Evelyn Baldwin's Expedition operated on the European-Asiatic side of the circle, both Commander Peary and Captain Sverdrup selected the American side as their field of operations. Peary, whose splendid record in the exploration of Greenland has won for him recognition in two continents as one of the foremost Arctic explorers of our time, set out four years ago, in the summer of 1898, with the avowed intention of combining the exploration of the northern coast of the great island continent of Greenland with an attempt to reach the Pole. His great experience of Arctic work, the care and forethought with which his plans were laid, and the splendid courage and endurance of which he had given proof, justified his friends in hoping that the culminating effort of a life devoted to Arctic exploration might be crowned with success. But so far as his attempt to reach the Pole is concerned, Peary has had to acknowledge failure, and has returned to the United States defeated, it may be, but neither discredited nor disgraced in his struggle against the stupendous forces of Nature in the Frozen North. He did succeed in mapping the northern coast of Greenland as far as Independence Bay, and has added largely to the debt which geographers and physical scientists already owed him. He further succeeded in reaching the most northerly point ever attained by civilised man on the American side of the Arctic circle, at 84° 17', in April of this year. Where both have accomplished such excellent results, comparison would indeed be odious, but the additions made to our knowledge of the Arctic Regions by the Norwegian Expedition, under Captain Sverdrup, are not less interesting and important than those of Commander Peary's last expedition. This was Sverdrup's first important expedition in independent command, but he had already displayed high qualities as an Arctic explorer under his famous countryman, Dr. Nansen. Sverdrup had accompanied Nansen on the first crossing of Greenland, and he was second in command of the *Fram* on her memorable drift across the Polar Sea. His original design was to pass up Smith Sound and through Robeson Channel, and to explore the northern and north-eastern coast of Greenland. But the ice conditions in the summer of 1898-99 made the realisation of this plan impracticable, and with ready skill Sverdrup devoted himself to the task of exploring the large unknown area which lay west of Ellesmere Land and north of the Parry Islands. His vessel, the reconstructed *Fram*, never reached any high latitude, and three winters were spent in Jones Sound, although during one summer a point to the north of Grinnell Island was reached. Utilising the *Fram* as his permanent base, Sverdrup organised a number of sledge expeditions to the north and to the west, with the result that he succeeded in laying down the whole of the southern and almost the whole of the western coast line of Ellesmere Land, and in discovering and mapping a number of new islands still further to the westward, thus almost, if not quite, filling up the gap which previous explorers had left in our knowledge of this part of the Arctic circle. The net result of Peary's and Sverdrup's work during the past four years is that, while the Pole still remains unconquered, many important additions have been made to our knowledge both of the geography and of the physical conditions of the North Polar area.



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. GOLF, R.N.

COMMISSIONING A NEW GROG-TUB ON A BATTLESHIP FOR THE CORONATION: FINISHING TOUCHES



A GOOD START



A RUNAWAY PAIR



TABLES TURNED



DISCOVERED AT LAST

THE TROUBLES OF AN AUSTRALIAN CATTLE-DROVER



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

The Chinese *cricket*, though, perhaps, less intellectual than his Western brother, at all events vies with him in his love of games. All over the world the Englishman is to be found,

and wherever he may be his sports and games always "captivate him," and especially so in China. A common daily scene opposite the Club at Hong Kong, during the "tiffin" hour is a group

CRICKET IN CHINA: A FAMILIAR SCENE IN HONG KONG

FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK MATANIA

F. Matania

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"QUALITY STREET"

THE typical old maid of the stage is, as most people know, a comic personage whose prim peculiarities and harmless vanities are rather unfeelingly treated as fair mark for the dramatist's ridicule. It has been reserved for the author of *Quality Street* to present confirmed spinsterhood—or rather spinsterhood which threatens to become confirmed—in a form which directly appeals to the sympathies of the spectator, and is even not without an element of pathos. We are in the gay licentious days of the Prince Regent; but no echo of those most brisk and giddy-paced times seems to have reached the little town in which Mr. Barrie's charming heroine, Phoebe Throssell, dwells with her equally sweet and gentle sister Susan. With Susan, who is fast approaching the close of her "thirties," it is a bygone romance which went as far as the preparation of a wedding dress and then faded out of her life for ever. With Phoebe, who is in all the bloom of one-and-twenty, it is but a vague feeling towards a young medical man in the town. A furtive kiss snatched by this daring person at an evening party is the only evidence that Phoebe can give of Mr. Valentine Brown's feelings towards her, but when one day he asks permission to visit her Susan jumps to the conclusion that he is coming to make Phoebe an offer of marriage. Mr. Brown, however, has no such intention. It is the time of the Napoleonic Wars, and having determined to enter the Army, he has merely come to bid the ladies farewell. For Phoebe, who makes no effort to conceal her disappointment from her devoted companion, it is a double sorrow; for, owing to injudicious investments, they have lost great part of their little fortune, and can only keep the old home over their heads by opening a children's school, becoming in consequence more prim and humdrum every year. At length Mr. Brown returns, minus an arm, left on the field of Waterloo, but in possession of a captain's commission, and at last he has discovered that he is in love with Phoebe. Mr. Brown is now decidedly in earnest, or would be but for the shock given to him by Phoebe's dowdy appearance and formal manners. By some hasty ejaculations he even allows her to discover his disappointment, whereupon Phoebe, after the manner of a heroine of old comedy, determines to play a trick upon her lover, by impersonating an imaginary niece, who shall be in possession of all the lively qualities which she herself appears to lack.

Forthwith the mob-cap is banished, the golden curls released, and Phoebe, who is still young and really frolicsome by nature, blossoms forth at an officers' ball, a very incarnation of sprightliness and coquetry. As probably few of the audience fail to anticipate, Mr. Brown at first captivated, comes ere long to sigh for the less obtrusive charms of his old admirer. The play is beautifully mounted. Nor does the acting fall short of the merits of the work. The fresh charm of Miss Ellaline Terriss's Phoebe rendered valuable service, and if the somewhat passive part of Susan Throssell is scarcely worthy of the powers of Miss Marion Terry, it yielded that accomplished actress at least one fine opportunity in her relation of the touching story of the long-stored and cherished wedding dress. Readers of Mr. Barrie's play will, I fancy, picture to themselves in Captain Valentine Brown a less boisterous and mercurial person than Mr. Seymour Hicks has conceived; but Mr. Hicks's performance is not wanting in spirit or picturesqueness.

"WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?"

The interrogative title of Mr. Gilbert Dayles's new comedy at the APOLLO Theatre refers to the habitual condition of mind of Dickie Hook, a young gentleman from Australia, who having come into a large fortune is desirous of gaining admission to polite society, but like the once famous Tittlebat Titmouse is hampered by his lack of education and his unpolished manners. He has contrived to make the acquaintance of Colonel Sir Bruce Kaderby, V.C., a distinguished officer, who being in pecuniary difficulties, is willing to receive him as a paying guest in his ancestral country mansion. But though he has been careful to provide himself with a popular manual which undertakes to teach manners and etiquette Dickie is haunted still by the old distressing problem. It arises when he is privately asked to lend a thousand pounds to the Colonel's spendthrift son Ronald; it confronts him in a more embarrassing form when he finds that he has fallen in love with the Colonel's pretty daughter Madge, and determines to ask that young lady to become his wife. But altogether he struggles through his hesitations and embarrassments fairly well, and even induces the object of his passion to lend a favourable ear to his proposals. But soon afterwards the unfortunate Dickie overhears the confession from the young lady's own lips that she had mistaken gratitude for love, and that her affections are placed upon Sir Christopher Wynne, an old sweetheart, who, after a prolonged absence, has just returned to England. So once more there is the old appeal to conscience, and Dickie decides to absolve Madge from her engagement.

When also it comes to light that Sir Christopher has behaved basely and cruelly to a poor girl in Australia, the too chivalrous Dickie, by a falsehood, takes the guilt upon his own shoulders and thereby screens Madge's unworthy suitor. This seems, it must be confessed, a poor service to render to the young lady, nor is the situation improved by some incidental attempts to blacken the character of Sir Christopher's Australian victim, who appears to verify the old French proverb that the absent are always in the wrong. Mr. Louis Bradfield, who is better known to us in the ways of musical comedy, plays Dickie Hook with humour and also with a judicious absence of exaggeration, and Miss Nina Boucicault's Madge is charming enough to induce us to overlook her vacillating habit. In strong contrast with this portrait is Miss Beatrice Ferrar's outspoken sporting young lady who worthily succeeds to the vacant place in the heart of Dickie Hook.

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS"

The long unbroken good fortune of DRURY LANE has acquired a fresh impetus from the success of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new autumnal drama. It has been said that these annual productions must perforce

come to an end from sheer exhaustion of the list of those familiar sights and scenes of modern London life and manners which have generally been assumed to be the indispensable features. But this time Mr. Raleigh has set himself the task of showing that so far from being indispensable these realistic actualities may on occasion be sacrificed without any injury to the dramatic interest or the picturesque qualities of the play. Contrary to all precedent, the long array of scenes which fill out the four acts of this elaborate production, include not a single London incident or locality, unless we except the marvellous view from the gallery of an equestrian and acrobatic circus in the last act; but they present, nevertheless, some examples of scenic illusion which in their way have not been surpassed. Conspicuous among them is the scene of the vast Hall in which the Duke of Richborough entertains the Yeomanry preparatory to their departure for South Africa, while his son, Lord Amesbury, restrained for a while by his abstract hatred of war, refuses to don the khaki uniform till he is carried away by the patriotic enthusiasm of the occasion. More impressive still is the scene at Klarksdrift, in which the sturdy old Boer, General De Lahne, and his commando, tracked by an overwhelming force to their secret stronghold, finally lay down their arms. Nor is the author less

fortunate in his story, which concerns the romantic friendship of the young Lord Amesbury for his college chum, Paul De Lahne, turned to bitter hatred through their love for the circus girl Mercia, and finally restored by reconciliation on the battlefield. The play is frankly melodramatic, as appears in the fact that it ends with the discovery in the acrobatic Mercia of the old Duke's long missing granddaughter; but it is a relief at least to escape for once from the eternal tale of the blameless hero, persecuted through act after act by the unscrupulous villain of the piece. Playgoers with weak nerves may also be glad to know that there are practically no battle scenes, and consequently no fumes of "villainous saltpetre." In the long list of performers special recognition is due to Mr. Valentine, as the old commandant, Mrs. Raleigh as the designing Lady Alice Redwood, Mr. Conway Tearle as Paul De Lahne, Mr. Reeves Smith as Lord Amesbury, and Mr. Lowne as the stately but kindly Duke of Richborough. The task of furnishing relief to the graver phases of the play falls entirely to Mrs. John Wood, whose impersonation of the honest, outspoken "strong woman" of the travelling circus company was received with the favour which rarely fails to fall to the share of that popular actress.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. KEMP TERRY

Captain Percy Scott, the officers and men of H.M.S. *Terrible* were entertained, on Tuesday, at a public banquet, in the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth. The banquet was in fulfilment of a scheme organised on behalf of the inhabitants some time ago. At the conclusion of the speeches, Miss Dupree, in the absence of the Mayoress, presented to each officer and man of the *Terrible* a silver souvenir of the occasion, inscribed in enamelled letters:—"Naval Brigade, South Africa, 1899-1900; North China, 1900." As the crew filed past a march, specially composed, entitled "Welcome Home, H.M.S. *Terrible*," was played, with a vocal accompaniment, in honour of the occasion.

THE BANQUET TO THE "TERRIBLE" CREW AT PORTSMOUTH: THE PRESENTATION OF SOUVENIRS

MOORE and MOORE PIANOS.
ESTAB. 1838.
Iron-framed, Trichord and Check-action
Latest development of Tone, Touch, and Design
1844/6 Guineas
Three Years' System, from 31s. 6d. per Quarter.
Carriage free. **PRICE LIST post free.**
104 and 105, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

D'ALMAINE and CO. — PIANOS
and ORGANS. All improvements.
Approval carriage free both
ways. Easy terms. Twenty years'
warranty. Second-hand and
cottage pianos from seven guineas. Iron-
framed full trichord pianos from
120 per month, or 10s. from 100
guineas. Full price paid allowed
within three years if exchanged
for a higher class instrument.
D'ALMAINE & CO. (estd. 177 years), 41, Finsbury
Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays

BORD'S 25 PER CENT. DIS-
COUNT FOR CASH, or 15s.
per month (second-hand)
25s. 6d. per month, on the
THREE YEARS' HIRE
System. Pianos Exchanged
Lists free of
C. STILES and CO.,
42, SOUTHAMPTON
ROW, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

BECHSTEIN CHARLES STILES and
CO. offer these magnificent
PIANOS. on the THREE
YEARS' SYSTEM, at most
advantageous prices and
terms.
Apply to
42, SOUTHAMPTON
ROW, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS 2 1/2%
repayable on demand. 2 1/2%
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK,
With full particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

If you desire Petroleum
for the Hair, use "Vaseline"
Hair Tonic, the only pro-
perly deodorised extract of
petroleum in existence.
Absolutely Safe.
Delightfully Perfumed.
Prices 1s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.,
of all chemists, &c., or on
receipt of postal order to
CHESEBROUGH CO.,
42, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

AMERICAN
TOOTH CROWN
COMPANY,
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
(CORNER OF BURLINGTON GARDENS).
LEADING EXPERTS IN
PRESERVATIVE DENTISTRY.

IN ATTENDING TO A MOUTH THE
COURSE PURSUED IS—

To fill with gold, amalgam, porcelain, &c.,
teeth which are but moderately decayed; to crown
or engrave porcelain portions to those which are
decayed beyond filling; to utilise firm roots as
bases for restoration to the natural form and
usefulness of the original teeth, and as means to
adjust new without plates, by connecting from
root to root; and where these have been extracted,
to supply artificial teeth without objectionable
bulk.

In all operations the highest skill, which is
essential to success, is employed, and the fees are
moderate.

The Operators in Attendance are
Graduates of the Leading
American Dental Colleges.

No Fee for Consultation.

Illustrated Book post free from the Secretary.

THE
HOTEL TARIFF BUREAU.
275 (late of 96), REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

PARIS
NEAL'S LIBRARY, 248, RUE DE RIVOLI.
Agencies at Cannes, Florence, Geneva, Lausanne,
Nice, Rome, Venice, Zurich, &c., &c. Write for
the Hotel Tariff Guide, 14d., which gives the rates
of the leading Hotels. Also "The Tourist," 4d.,
the new Magazine of Travel. Any Tariff Card of
the following Hotels gratis:—

LONDON HOTELS.

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, LANCETER SQUARE.
Moderate Charges. 100 Magnificent Rooms.
QUEEN'S HOTEL, LANCETER SQUARE. Mo-
derate Charges. Every Comfort and Convenience.
KENSINGTON (DE VERE HOTEL).
FROM 10/6 PER DAY.
PRINCE OF WALES
HOTEL, DE VERE
GARDENS, W. FROM 9/6.
(Opposite Kensington Palace).
BROADWALK HOTEL,
DE VERE GARDENS, W.
FROM 8/6.
THACKERAY HOTEL (First-class Temperance)
OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM.
MAISONNETTE'S HOTEL, DE VERE
GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

PROVINCIAL HOTELS.

ASHBOURNE (Near Dovedale. Lovely Grounds).
THE HALL HOTEL.
BARMOUTH (First-class. Facing Sea).
CORNWALL AND MARINE HOTELS.
BILFEST (Finest Hotel in Ireland).
THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.
BEN RHYDDING (50 Acres of Grounds. Private
Golf Course). BEN RHYDDING HYDRO HOTEL.
BRIGHTON (Centre of Marine Parade). Grand
Sea View). ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL.
BRIGHTON, BRIGHTLING PRIVATE HOTEL,
25, Marine Parade. Facing Sea and New Pier.
BUXTON (First-class Family. Electric Light).
ST. ANN'S HOTEL.
CROMER (Golf). GRAND AND METROPOLITAN
HOTELS.
CROMER (Poppyland. Golf).
OVERSTRAND HOTEL.
DROITWICH (150 Rooms. Park. Tennis).
THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOTEL.
EASTBOURNE (120 ft. above Sea. Croquet
Tennis. Children's Garden). THE HYDRO HTI.
EDINBURGH (Princes Street).
THE WINDSOR HOTEL.
EDINBURGH (Adjoining Golf Links).
BRAID HILLS HOTEL.
FOLKESTONE (Petite, Smart and Reasonable).
HOTEL ST. ONSTH.
GLASGOW (Patronised by Royalty).
WINDSOR HOTEL.
GORLESTON (Finest Position. Moderate
Charges). CLIFF HOTEL.
GULLANE (Near North Berwick). (Six Golf
Courses. Bathing). MARINE HOTEL.
HINDHEAD (Haslemere Station. Extensive
Sheltered Grounds, 820 feet altitude. Electric
Light, Billiards, Stables, Home Farm).
HOTEL MOORLANDS.
ILFRACOMBE (Only Hotel on Sea-shore).
THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.
ILKLEY (On the Moors).
WELLS HOUSE HOTEL.
JERSEY (Facing Sea. 2/2 10s. wk. 28 day Special
Winter terms. Ex. Cuisine) HTL. POMME D'OR.
LIVERPOOL (Mount Pleasant. Near Station. 100
Rooms) SHAFTESBURY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.
LLANDRINDOD (Only Golf Links).
PUMP HOUSE HOTEL.
LLANDUDNO (Grand Parade).
ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL.
LOWESTOFT (Each Facing Sea).
GRAND AND ROYAL HOTELS.
LYNDHURST (New Forest).
CROWN HOTEL.
LYNTON (Electric Light. Golf).
ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL.
MANCHESTER (Central Position. Moderate
Tariff). GRAND HOTEL.
MULLION (Cornwall. Facing Sea).
MULLION COVE HOTEL.
NEWQUAY (G.W.R. Golf. Palatial).
HEADLAND HOTEL.
NORTH WALES, PWLLHILL (FACES SEA).
WEST END HOTEL.
OXFORD (Electric Light. Billiards). MITRE
FAMILY HOTEL.
PEEBLES (A German Bath in Scotland).
HOTEL HYDRO.
PITLOCHRY (Golf, Tennis, Croquet).
ATHOLL HYDRO.
PLYMOUTH (On the Hoe. Facing Sea and Pier.
Finest Position in Europe). GRAND HOTEL.
SCARBOROUGH (First-class).
THE CAMBRIDGE HOTEL.
SHERINGHAM (Only Hotel on Sea Front).
GRAND HOTEL.
ST. LEONARDS (Facing Sea. Detached).
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.
SOUTHPORT (Own Grounds. Sea Front).
PALACE HOTEL.
SOUTHPORT (On the Promenade). VICTORIA
HOTEL.
STRATHPEFFER SPA, in the Highlands of
Scotland.
Through Sleeping Carriages from London.
On Mondays. On Fridays.
Fusion dep. 8.0 p.m. King's Cross dep. 8.15 p.m.
Strathpeffer Spa arr. 10.40 a.m. Strathpeffer Spa arr. 10.40 a.m.

Strongest Sulphuretted Hydrogen and Carbonated
Chalybeate Waters in Great Britain.
For further information apply Hotel Tariff Bureau,
275, Regent Street, London, or the Manager,
THE SPA, STRATHPEFFER.
STRATHPEFFER (Grouse Shooting, Salmon
and Trout Fishing). SPA HOTEL.
THE LIZARD (Cornwall. Splendid Sea View).
HOUSEL BAY HOTEL.
TORQUAY (Facing Sea) VICTORIA AND ALBERT
HOTEL.
WORTHING (First-class Family Hotel).
BURLINGTON HOTEL.

HOTEL TARIFF BUREAU
(continued)

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

ADELBODEN (Switz.) (Most Modern. Hot
Water Heating. Elec. L.). HOTEL ADRI.
ADELBODEN (Switz.) (Zurbuchen Family, for
merly at Rosenlau). HOTEL RONDINELLA.
AIX-LES-BAINS (1st cl. Fam. Elevated Sit. Mod.
Prices). GALLIA AND BEAU SEJOUR HOTEL.
AIX-LES-BAINS (Family Hotel. Well situated.
Near Bath and Casino) GRAND HTL. DE PARIS.
BRUSSELS (Near Park, Palace, Museum).
GRAND HOTEL BRITANNIQUE.
BUDAPEST (Best Position. Near the Danube.
Moderate Charges). HOTEL JAFFERSON.
DRESDEN (First-class. Every Luxur. and
Comfort. Unique position). HOTEL BRISTOL.
DUSSELDORF (The Most Select and Most
Beautiful Hotel of Düsseldorf, and the Nearest
to the Exhibition. Suites with Private Baths.
Large Hall). PARK HOTEL.
EMS, HOTEL D'ANGLETTERE. The Leading
1st-cl. Hotel of Ems. Opposite Baths and
Gardens. Own Large Garden. Write for
Booklet to the Proprietor, F. SCHMITT.
GENEVA (Facing Lake and Mont Blanc.
Moderate Terms) RICHMOND FAMILY HOTEL.
GENEVA (Entirely Renovated. Every known
Comfort). DE LA PAIX HOTEL.
GENEVA (First-class Family Hotel. Central.
All Modern Comforts). HOTEL DE RUSSI.
INNSBRUCK (Write for Pamphlet. Summer
and Winter Resort). TYROL HOTEL.
INNSBRUCK (Open all year. Electric Light.
Lift. Mod. Terms). HOTEL KREID.
INTERLAKEN (Unrivalled for Comfort. Motor
Car Shed) HOTEL VICTORIA.
(Beautifully situated. High
Class Rest) HOTEL JUNG.
JONGNY (Above Vevey). (Eng. Fam. Hotel and
Health Resort. Mag. Views). HOTEL DE PARIS.
LOCARNO (Best Resort on Lake Maggiore).
GRAND HOTEL.
LUCERNE (Weggis Lake, Lucerne). Finest Posi-
tion. Room and Pension 6-8 frs.) HTL. PARADIS.
MADEIRA (Three and Half Days' Voyage).
REIUS HOTELS.
MEIRINGEN (First-class. Modern Comfort).
HOTEL DU SAUVAGE.
MERAN (South Tyrol. Unique Position).
GRAND HOTEL (MERANERHOF).
MONTREUX.
Finest and Most Modern.
Best Position. Home Comforts.
Newly Enlarged and Decorated.
120 Rooms, mostly with Balconies.
HOTEL AND CHATEAU BELMONT.
MONTREUX (Highly Recommended).
CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
MUNICH (First-class. Unique Position).
HOTEL CONTINENTAL.
MUNICH (First-class. Newly Rebuilt).
HOTEL BAYERISCHERHOF.
PARIS (ENGLISH HOTELS. Rooms from 3 and
Board from 10 frs.) HTLS. ALBANY & ST. JAMES.
PARIS { Near Opera. Moderate.
HOTEL GRANDE BRETAGNE.
PARIS (ENGLISH PROP.) (Steam Heat
throughout). HOTEL D'ENNA.
PARIS, THE MARLBORO', 24, Rue Taitbout.
Boulevard Haussmann (1 minute from Opera).
PARIS (5, Rue St. Hyacinthe (Tuilleries). Rooms
from 3/6, Board from 8/6.) HTL. PRINCE ALBERT.
STRASBOURG (First-class. Facing the River).
HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.
VIENNA (Praterstrasse. Patronised by English
and Americans). HOTEL CONTINENTAL.
VIENNA (Patronised by English and Americans).
METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
WIESBADEN (Best Situation. Facing Kurhaus).
FOUR SEASONS HOTEL.
WIESBADEN (Centre of Kurpark. Faces Opera
Mineral Baths). HOTEL HORNZOLLENS.

RESTAURANTS RECOMMENDED.

SLATERS RESTAURANTS,
212, PICCADILLY, W.
SLATERS RESTAURANTS,
192 and 194, OXFORD STREET, W.
SLATERS RESTAURANTS,
393, STRAND, W.C.
SLATERS RESTAURANTS,
74 and 75, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
SLATERS RESTAURANTS. Speciality:—
Teas and Luncheons at Popular Prices.

KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.
KEATING'S POWDER.

Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.
Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.

BELLOWS, 9d. ; Tins, 3d., 6d., 1/-
BELLOWS, 9d. ; Tins, 3d., 6d., 1/-
BELLOWS, 9d. ; Tins, 3d., 6d., 1/-

Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.
(Harmless to everything but insects.)
Sold in Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s., also
in the new filled Bellows, 9d.

KILLS Fleas, Beetles, Moths.
KILLS Fleas, Beetles, Moths.
KILLS Fleas, Beetles, Moths.

TO LECTURERS and Others.
Lantern Slides from the Illustrations appearing
from time to time in THE GRAPHIC and DAILY
GRAPHIC may be obtained from Messrs. York and
Son, 67, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, London, W.
Price 3s. 3d. each, post free.

LARUE,
27, RUE ROYALE, PARIS.
The most elegant Restaurant in Paris. Re-
decorated Louis XV. style. Unsurpassed for
cuisine and cellar.
LUNCHEONS.
MUSIC AT DINNER, 7-30, AND AT
SUPPER, FROM 11 TO 2.

LANGHAM HOTEL, Portland
Place, W. Unrivalled situation in
the most fashionable and convenient
locality. Easy access to all theatres.
**First-class Hotel for Families and
Gentlemen.**
Private Apartments for Regimental
Dinners, Wedding Breakfasts, &c.
Moderate Tariff.

OETZMANN AND CO.,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.
(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road).
**ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE**
(THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE
EXTANT)
GRATIS AND POST FREE.

**FOR
BEAUTIFYING THE HOME.**
**ADOPT FROST AND REED'S
ART PUBLICATIONS—
ARTISTICALLY WROUGHT
ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS
OF THE HIGHEST CLASS.**

**Pictures stand without a rival in their
fitness for presents.**

A Beautiful Picture is a delight-
ful companion, and a PRESENT
of a good Etching or Engraving,
tastefully framed, gives endless
pleasure. Those who are con-
templating a purchase should send to
**FROST AND REED, ART
PUBLISHERS, of BRISTOL,**
for their Illustrated and Priced
Catalogue of Etchings and En-
gravings of notable pictures,
containing over 130 Illustrations,
enclosing 1s. in stamps (to partially
cover cost). This sum will be refunded
to purchasers.
A resident representative kept
in LONDON to wait upon those
Customers who request a call.

Address: 8, CLARE STREET,
BRISTOL, or 47, QUEEN'S ROAD,
CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge.
Most agreeable to take.

TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON
FOR
CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE, HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETEITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

LONDON:
67, Southwark Bridge Road.
Sold by Chemists 2s. 6d. a Box.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,
RHEUMATISM, and PAIN and WEAK-
NESS in the BACK, speedily relieved and cured
by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT.
One and Two GUINEAS. Medical References,
Pamphlets and Consultation free.
HALE & SON, 105, REGENT ST., LONDON.

**ANT. ROOZEN and SON'S
CELEBRATED
DUTCH BULBS,**
OVERVEEN, HAARLEM, HOLLAND.

Intending Purchasers of Dutch Bulbs are invited
to read Ant. Roozen and Son's Catalogue for 1902,
and see the large saving effected by dealing direct
with the Growers.
The Catalogue containing Cultural Directions and
descriptive details of their immense Collections of
Bulbs and Plants, and also particulars as to Free
Delivery, will be sent Post Free on application to
their Agents, Messrs. MERTENS and CO., 3, Cross
Lane, London, E.C., or themselves direct.

**CHATTO AND WINDUS'S
NEW BOOKS.**

NEITHER JEW NOR GREEK.
By VIOLET GUTTENBERG. Crown
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

NO OTHER WAY. By SIR WALTER
BESANT, Author of "The Orange Girl,"
&c. With 12 full page Illustrations by Charles D.
Ward. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS.
By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The
Grand Babylon Hotel." Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
top, 6s.

"A powerful story . . . the characters
keenly observed." ACAD. REV.
"To read it is to have a feeling as if one's ex-
perience of life had been enlarged."—SCOTSMAN.

**A PRINCE OF GOOD
FELLOWS.** By ROBERT BARR. With
15 full-page Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan.
Second Edition. Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6s.

"A series of sparkling and romantic scenes, . . .
entertaining and exciting adventures. Mr.
Barr has a pretty gift in story telling. . . . Mr.
Sullivan's drawings are exceedingly clever, and full
of a grotesque humour that is thoroughly congenial
with the spirit of Mr. Barr's work."—WESTMINSTER
GAZETTE.

THE CONCESSION-HUNTERS.
By HAROLD BINDLOSS, Author of "A
Sower of Wheat," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK.
By JAMES GREENWOOD ("The Amateur
Cavalier"). Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"Crammed with diverting stories."—DAILY MAIL.

LAKE-COUNTRY RAMBLES.
By WILLIAM T. PALMER. Crown 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. Palmer's charmingly written volume.
. . . If one would know what magic this wonder-
ful district holds he must go to Mr. Palmer for
further guidance."—MORNING LEADER.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF A
VIOLINIST.** By T. L. PHIPSON,
Author of "Famous Violinists and Fine Violins," &c.
Crown 8vo, art canvas, gilt top, 1s.

"Rich in interesting and pleasant reading for
amateurs of music."—SCOTSMAN.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS,
111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.
MRS. CRAIGIE'S GREAT NOVEL,
**LOVE AND THE SOUL
HUNTERS.**
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. A Brilliant Society Novel.
The most powerful Mrs. Craigie has yet written.
THE FIRST NOVEL LIBRARY NEW
VOLUME.

FROM BEHIND THE ARRAS.
A New Volume in the First Novel Library, by
MES. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE GOLDEN PENNY.
A THRILLING NEW SERIAL,
"THE HEART OF A GIRL,"
By THE FAMOUS NOVELIST,
FLORENCE WARDEN.

The most exciting serial that has
ever appeared in the "Golden Penny"
is continued this week—and the
"Golden Penny" has always had a
high reputation for its serials. Every
reader knows the work of Florence
Warden, whose long list of well-known
novels includes "The House on the
Marsh," "The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton,"
"A Fight to a Finish," "Joan the
Curate," "A Sensational Case," "Those
Westerton Girls," "Town Lady and
Country Lass," and a whole host of other
successes. In her new serial Florence
Warden has excelled herself.

"The Heart of a Girl" is a marvel-
lous story of a romantic love affair,
full of dramatic incident, and intensely
interesting from beginning to end. It
has been beautifully illustrated by
FRANCES EWAN.

ORDER AT ONCE.

FIVE OTHER Its pictures are
excellent.

GOOD REASONS Its articles well-
written.

WHY YOU Its jokes are amusing.

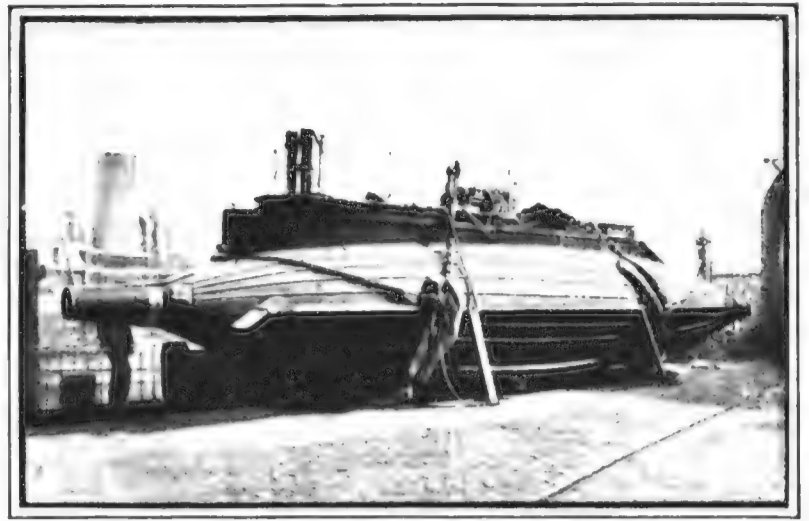
SHOULD BUY It gives free insurance.

THE GOLDEN PENNY. It offers
Competition Prizes every week.

Sold at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls.



PROFESSOR VIRCHOW'S FUNERAL THE PROCESSION PASSING BERLIN UNIVERSITY



This boat, which has just been constructed, is only about half the length of the English and French submarines, being about 42 ft. long. Its speed is eight knots. Details of its construction have not been published.

A NEW GERMAN SUBMARINE BOAT

Our Bookshelf

"THE GARDEN OF CONTENTMENT"

A RUN upon Gardens in the fiction of the period almost calls for a special classification of the Common or Garden Novel. It is a pleasant fashion when in as good hands as those of Elenor Mordaunt, whose "Garden of Contentment," in Mr. William Heinemann's series of "Novelettes de Luxe," would be an ideal companion for a summer-house on a warm and lazy afternoon. It is none the worse for its suggestion of comparison between the married Elizabeth who wrote of her garden in Germany, and the unmarried Elenor who writes from and about her garden somewhere in Mid-England. There is just enough of romance in it for flavour; but the real charm of the volume consists in its quaint gleanings from old and out-of-the-way floral and other lore—one thing leads to another in the most casual, rambling, often (it must be owned) careless, but always entertaining way. In short, the title of the book is altogether as appropriate as a title can be.

"THE ROMMANY STONE"

The first impression on opening "The Rommany Stone," by Mr. J. H. Voxall, M.P. (Longmans, Green and Co.), is that one has got hold of a new dictionary of more or less familiar quotations, inasmuch as there are nearly 250 motto-headings to its thirty-two chapters. Taken from English literature at large, they afford very agreeable

reading, and few indeed are those of us to whom many of the best will not be new. Nor is the novel unworthy of its fringe. The scene is laid in the Peak country some hundred years ago—which may well have been equivalent to quite two hundred years ago in the rest of the realm; its plot consists of the three days' adventures of a gallant yeoman, in the character of knight errant to a former sweetheart who was suffering the natural consequences of having eloped four years previously with a gipsy king. Or rather more than the merely natural consequences, inasmuch as her husband was in hiding from the gallows. Mr. Voxall's gipsies are not a little stagey, but that is how most people like them. He is well up, moreover, in their tongue and their traditions; indeed there may be still some persons of neglected education who would find a glossary a convenient appendage. His *dramatis persone* afford plenty of variety, including an American whose search for his English kin ends in a surprise that must be respected, two Bow Street runners, a Methodist preacher, and a parson at war with his flock, who lives in his vestry for fear of writs, where he exercises magisterial functions in a way of his own, and writes sermons in the manner of Burton's "Anatomy"; in short, quite as many oddities as one can fairly expect to meet in three days on one country side. "The Rommany Stone" provides good entertainment of many kinds.

"STRONGER THAN LOVE"

The sudden death of Mrs. Hector, known to the novel-reading world under her pen-name of Mrs. Alexander, has not deprived her

deservedly wide circle of one more story from her pen. "Stronger than Love" (T. Fisher Unwin) is conceived and written in quite the best of her manners—for she had more than one; and in point of merit they were far from equal. Her *forte* lay in minute of servation and description; and her superiority in this respect is well illustrated in her latest, and last, novel. By "Stronger than Love" she means the self-sacrificing gratitude which induces a girl to reject the lover whom she loved for the sake of a benefactress who was to all intents and purposes her rival. The result is of a piece with most usurpations of the office of providence, however well intended; nor, meanwhile, is it quite easy to appreciate the motives of the characters generally—they seem to surpass even real life in point of inconsistency. But, once more, the small things are as right and true as ever: Mrs. Hector, if she took her psychology chiefly from convention, evidently observed for herself, and knew how to make her readers see with her eyes.

"THE SHEEP-STEALERS"

The Black Mountain of Breconshire is the *gemma lutea* of a powerful story of the better and rarer sort by Violet Jacob (William Heinemann). The name of the authoress is new to us, and is not followed by the names of any former works upon her title-page. It is not, however, likely to remain unfamiliar to anybody if she fulfils the promise of excellence afforded by "The Sheep-Stealers." Indeed the most signal of its many merits carries it beyond the region of promise—its most dramatic situations seem the inevitable

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.,

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MERCHANTS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



Fine Diamond Pendants from £5 to £200.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.

A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at Merchants' Cash Prices, saving purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900.

JEWELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

GEM JEWELLERY FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.

The Goldsmiths Company's Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Necklaces &c., is the largest and choicest in the World, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is invited.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

AWARDED FINE GOLD MEDALS.



Fine Diamond and Pearl Pendants, from £5 to £200.



Jewellers to H.M. THE KING.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

The Leading House in the World for DIAMOND AND GEM JEWELLERY.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

Goldsmiths Company, 112, Regent St., W.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and NOVELTY LIST Post Free.



The most magnificent assortment of Diamond Tiaras in the World, ranging from £40 to £20,000.

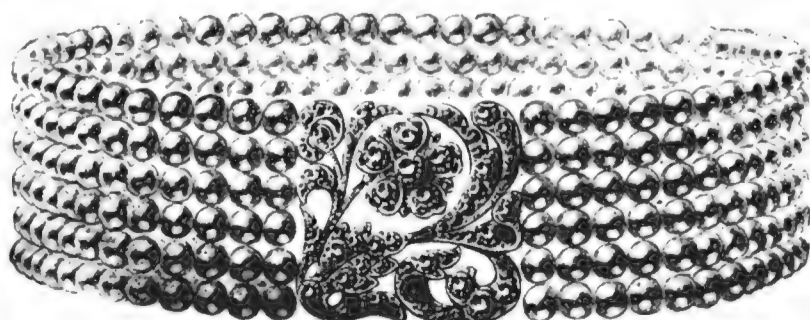
SELECTIONS OF GOODS FORWARDED ON APPROVAL Carriage Paid.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS AND GEM JEWELLERY direct from the Designers and Manufacturers, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS AND GEM JEWELLERY at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



Fine Diamond Brooch.



The Goldsmiths Company's Collection of Diamond and Pearl Collars is the Largest and Choicest in the World.



Fine Diamond Brooch.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD., 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Telephone: 3729, Gerrard.

(The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory and Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company.)

Telegraphic Address: "ARGENON, LONDON."



For Beauty and Economy

It beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

As it is the best and lasts longest, it is the cheapest—when worn to the thinness of a wafer, moisten and stick the worn piece on the new cake—never a particle is lost if you use

Pears' Soap

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.

£25
GOLD.



WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELLERY
SUPPLIED ON THE
GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM
By Monthly Instalments.

£15
GOLD.



Full particulars and
illustrated catalogues
sent post free.



Ring, Diamonds,
£37 10s.



Ring, Diamonds,
£22 10s.



Ring, Pearl and
Diamonds, £30.

Our "STANDARD" GOLD KEYLESS THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH HALF-CHRONOMETER. Accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions. In massive 18-ct. Gold Case, with Monogram or Crest richly embossed. In Crystal Glass Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases, £25. In Silver, £15.

Our "CHEAPSIDE" Three-Quarter Plate English Keyless Lever, with Chronometer Balance and fully Jewelled in Rubies, in strong Silver Case, with Crystal Glass. The cheapest Watch ever produced. Air, Damp, and Dust Tight. Ditto in Gold, £15.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST,

And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., W.,

Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.
N.B.—To prevent delay all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

The Pianola and the Performer



THAT there exists a strong desire among the public for some means of producing music otherwise than playing it by hand admits of no doubt. The success of the PIANOLA proves that.

As a well-known musical critic said, the important point is not the amount of mechanical invention, but how much command the intervening mechanism gives the performer over the tone-producing part of the piano. The PIANOLA is an instrument for executing the finger-work part of piano-playing, and is simply an amplification of the keys of the piano.

The PIANOLA always renders the technique of any composition correctly, and by means of levers the performer exercises complete control over expression. He is responsible for the individual conception of the music just as he would be in ordinary playing, and, being able to devote his whole attention to this, the result is equal musically to the performance of a great pianist.

You are particularly invited to call and see the PIANOLA, or to write for Catalogue "J".

The Orchestrelle Company,

The PIANOLA is sold at no other address in London.

225 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Copyright.

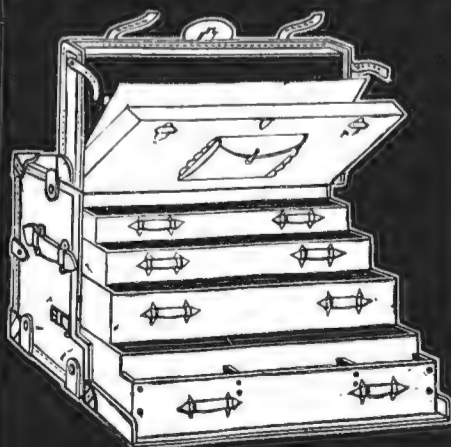
THE PUBLIC TASTE IS RETURNING

to Brandy. The standard of Purity,
Flavour, and Excellence in Brandy
is set by

HENNESSY'S THREE STAR.

INSIST UPON HAVING IT.

FOOT'S EUREKA TRUNK



IF YOU KNEW

all the advantages of a "EUREKA" Trunk, you would not travel with any other. It saves much time and trouble, as each article is instantly get-at-able. It carries the garments in perfect order, avoids crushing, and economises space by the systematic method of packing. It prevents confusion and continual repacking, as any article can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents.

If you would like to know more about it, our Illustrated Catalogue No. 4, "Trunks for Travellers," will be sent FREE on request.

J. FOOT & SON,
Dept. T.B. 8,
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

results of common character and probable or even actual circumstance: so inevitable as to carry the conviction not only that everything did happen, but that nothing else could possibly have happened. That the novel will be found interesting is beyond question; but its interest is not that of sympathy. Where the authoress attempts to reach the heart she seldom gets further than the mind. Nor will the general reader feel satisfied with its almost scornfully unconventional close—the triumph of the cold, soulless, mercenary young woman who drives one lover to madness and death, and beguiles another—the best of good fellows and of honest gentlemen—into what in her case is the worse fate of marriage. It is upon the portraiture of the former, Rhys Walters, that the authoress has chiefly concentrated her power—a young farmer, who, to avoid a charge of murder committed in a "Rebecca" riot, leads the life of an outlaw among the hills, in the service of the secret head of an organised gang of sheep-stealers—nor is that situation in the least improbable to anybody who knows something of Dean Forest and the Marches at a considerably later date than that of "Rebecca." The authoress not only has a good plot, but an outlook on life that owes little, if anything, to her reading. We cannot refrain from quoting, by way of instance, her concluding passage, though it is not more striking than many more:—"In this sorry world it is one who can get justice for the hundreds who get mercy—the mercy which, we are told, 'blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' For Justice carries no perquisites."

THE STONE AGE

A discriminating and comprehensive guide to the admirably arranged Palaeolithic and Neolithic flints at the British Museum has long been a necessity, and the necessity is fulfilled in the amplest way by the "Guide to the Antiquities of the Stone Age," which is printed by order of the Trustees, and has been compiled by the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, of which Mr. Charles H. Read is the Keeper. The difficulty in the way of the student of flint implements is that although they may now be pronounced coeval with the strata in which they are found, yet the mere presence of the flint arrowhead, or the axe of obsidian, is no precise evidence of the date in the world's history at which it was used, because the forms and the materials of these weapons and implements long survived the introduction of newer weapons and more ductile materials; so that the evidence has to be sought from other sources. What these sources are, and what is the character and distribution of the collections representing the stage of culture called the Stone Age, the British Museum handbook indicates with painstaking thoroughness. The handbook has in the British Museum collection excellent material, if not complete material, for the illustrations of a deeply interesting subject, and in the rather restricted limits of a convenient and minute handbook it has used them to excellent advantage, there being ten admirably executed plates and 142 cuts, ranging from the simple chopping tool to dagger handles carved with reindeer or mammoth heads.

"A DISSERTATION UPON SECOND FIDDLES"

A piece of work as whimsical as its title is this series of four stories by Vincent O'Sullivan (Grant Richards). We style it "series" rather than collection; for the respective illustrations—"Of Kindred," "Of Accomplices," "Of Friends," and "Of Enemies"—are linked by a common motive—the way in which one person's life may be the reflection of another's will. The first narrates the experiment of a selfish old reprobate, in identifying the interest of his relations with his being kept as long as possible from dying. The second is the appropriately fantastic account of a man whose



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DEER NELLIE, THE PET OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE"
From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

sinful wishes were telepathically conveyed to another, by whom they were converted into actions—the mirror in this case being of the distorting kind. In the third, a dreamer without a character of his own, or even the ghost of a will, is accepted by a faithful wife, as all Carlyle's "Heroes" rolled into one; in the fourth, an obscure author makes another author's fame. But the book is mostly made up of elaborately ironical digressions; for Mr. O'Sullivan has not been afraid to try on the mantle of Sterne, and has achieved less of a misfit than one would naturally presume. More such dissertations will be welcome, and if their author should realise the childishness of trying to shock even prudish ears, they will be more welcome still. The mantle in question does not fit him so well that the indulgence extorted by genius can be extended to its imitation, undeniably clever though the imitation may be.

"THE ADVENTURES OF AUGUSTUS SHORT"

Mr. Richard Marsh is better known as an adept in the art of making flesh creep than in that of tickling it into laughter. No doubt the latter is infinitely the more difficult process of the two; and though these "Adventures" (Anthony Treherne and Co.) of a too good-natured man will certainly not be found perilously side-splitting, they will be found satisfactory if taken in the ten-minute doses in which they are dispensed, one at a time.

Notes from the Magazines

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE

IN the *North American Review* there is an interesting symposium on the question of whether the novel will disappear. The discussion had its origin in an interview with M. Jules Verne, who expressed a very pronounced opinion that the novel as such was doomed, and that its place would be taken entirely by the daily newspaper. The most interesting view is that expressed by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, who seems to be much in sympathy with Mr. Wells. He writes:—

I foresee the day when without novels, poetry, or drama the public will be surfeited with romances and tales of the most stirring character; poems of stately measure and uplifting concept; psychological studies of the deepest dye; and dramas that will take the soul of man and twist it until it fairly shrieks for mercy—and all of these things men and women will get while they sleep. It is my impression that the literature of that period will be induced by pills taken before retiring and acting immediately thereafter. The man who wants a poem of a certain kind will swallow what, for the lack of a better term, we may call "The Alfred Austin Pellet," and live the resulting poem in his dreams. Then there will be "Came's Capsules for Creepy Creatures," each guaranteed to contain ten grains of gloom, and absolutely free from humour, lightness, sunshine, or other deleterious substances, and which, taken three times a day, will enable every man to be his own "Manxman." In the drama "The Belasco Lullaby" will induce dreams that will make Du Barry seem like a Kollo book in contrast, and so it will go. Some clever druggist will meet the literary necessities of the hour, and put up all the literature that anybody can possibly want in small doses, in every variety, and at a price which will bring it within the reach of all. It will be a great boon, and will enable thousands of men who might otherwise have been novelists, poets, or playwrights to turn their back on letters and take up some really useful occupation.

AN INDEFATIGABLE WORKER

The anonymous American who has been contributing to the *Full Mall Magazine* reminiscences of English men of letters, gives in the October number a characteristic little story of one occasion when he met the late Sir Richard Burton:—

One night at a house in London, going upstairs at a very late party, I saw Burton sitting on the landing steps at the angle, with a book in his hand and a small writing-pad on his knees. It was a smoking party, very crowded, rather noisy (for London)—men were passing and repassing, and it was one o'clock in the morning. But there sat Burton, absorbed in his work, evidently all unconscious of what was going on about him, his pencil travelling fast over the paper. Presently I said, "How are you, Burton?"

He answered, "How are you?" without looking up; and the pencil went steadily on.

"You've chosen a nice quiet place to work," I said.

"One place is as good as another," he growled out.

"It makes no difference to you?"

"None."

"May I see your book?"

He handed up the little volume in its dark queer cover, much the worse for wear: a volume of Camoens in the Portuguese, which he was translating into English, Portuguese being one of the twenty-seven languages which he knew and spoke.

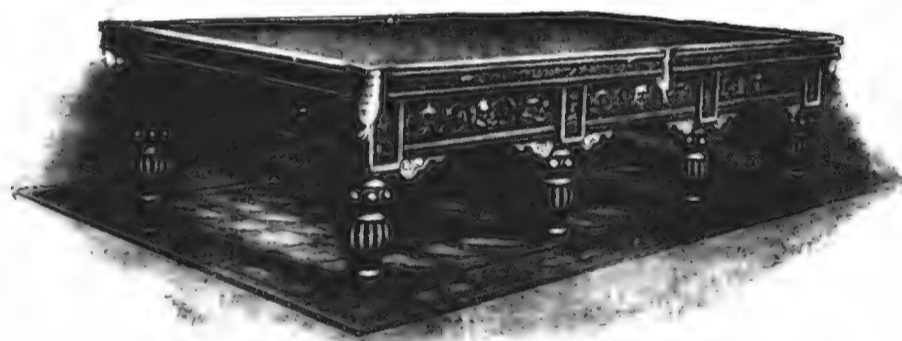
"Well," I said, "I suppose you want to be let alone; but are you never tired?"

He replied, "I never knew what it was to be tired."

Little wonder that he accomplished such a vast amount of work!

FASHIONS

The *Delineator-Designer*, issued by the Butterick Publishing Company, is primarily a fashion paper, and a very good one, too, for its illustrations in black and white and colours are excellent; and it deals, too, with dress in its every aspect, if one may say so—that is to say, from boots and shoes upwards to hats; and, in addition, it gives away a paper pattern. Another very noticeable feature is that the literature is very far above the average. Stories and articles alike are so, and have serious and literary value. Fiction, music, the drama, and athletics all come in for attention, and the result is a very attractive magazine.



PRICES, 45 to 250 GUINEAS.

Free.—Full Descriptive Catalogue of Full Size and Undersize Billiard Tables—Combined Billiard and Dining Tables—Couch and Billiard Table Combined—Every variety of Home Billiard Tables—Remodelling Old Cushions to New Fast Low Cushions—All Accessories and Repairs.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED.
ACCRINGTON,
ENGLAND.

London Show-Rooms:
147, Aldersgate
Street, E.C.

Don't!

Don't rub common Soap
into your clothes & hands!
It cracks the skin, destroys
the texture of the materials
& fills the air with
unwholesome fumes.



Sunlight Soap

is pure soap. That is the secret of its cleansing
power. There is no mystery.

Sunlight Soap

will wash the clothes faster, preserve them
longer & make them whiter than cheap soaps
filled with adulterants.

Sunlight Soap



needs no boiling; no rubbing.

Music of the Week

THE AUTUMN OPERA SEASON

THE comparatively short autumn season of thirty-five representations of opera in English at Covent Garden will end this (Sunday) evening. It cannot be said to have been a particularly exciting season; and, indeed, since the first week, when seven of the operas most frequently performed by the provincial troupe were run through, the management have only sparsely added to the repertory, and have, with true commercial instinct, frequently repeated the operas which, like *Carman*, *Faust*, *Lehngren*, and *Tannhauser*, seem to draw the largest audiences. Besides the works we have mentioned, the company have likewise mounted *Pagliacci*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Il Trezatore*, *The Lily of Killarney*, and *Siegfried*. The last, which gives no employment at all to the chorus—that is to say, the strong feature of the enterprise, and makes great demands upon the orchestra, which is the weak point of the company—has had, however, only a solitary representation. The performance was a creditable one to Mr. Brozel, the exponent of the young "Son of the Forest," but the rendering of the smaller parts, and the *ensemble*, in which, in the Carl Rosa days, these English companies rightly prided themselves, left much to be desired. Towards the end of this week, also, were announced *Tristan*, and on Friday a one-act operetta, *Rosalba*, by Signor Pizzi, a short work which was some years ago produced in Italy. The only opera by a British composer given during the season is *Maritana*, while sundry other works which had been placed in the list of possible productions, such as *La Gioconda* (which had already been heard here both in Italian and English), Meyerbeer's *Roberto*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Martha*, have not been given at all.

THE SCARBOROUGH FESTIVAL

The Scarborough Musical Festival was held last week, being rather earlier in starting than the previous financially successful

festival, which took place in October, although, if it was intended to catch the fashionable visitors to this popular watering-place during the season, it was not early enough. The difficulty of holding a Scarborough Festival in August, when the leading singers are holiday-making is, however, obvious. Curiously enough the smallest audiences were attracted last week by *Elijah* and *Messiah*, which respectively commenced and ended the Festival, although a very good choir had been secured from various towns in the East Riding of Yorkshire, under the conductorship of Dr. Cowen. The best attendance was for a miscellaneous programme, including Stanford's *Reverence*, on Thursday afternoon, but the Wagner concert on the following day did not draw nearly so many people. Perhaps the best choral performance was that of *Elijah*, but in Berlioz's *Faust* the singers did very well. It seems, however, evident that Scarborough has not yet sufficiently developed as a Festival town, although the fact should not be overlooked that the prices were high, the cheapest seat costing three-and-six.

QUEEN'S HALL CONCERTS

During the present week Mr. Henry Wood is greatly occupied with the rehearsals for the Sheffield Musical Festival, which takes place next week. During his absence in Sheffield the Queen's Hall band will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Payne, who finished his conductorship of the Llandudno concerts last Saturday, and returned to Queen's Hall on Monday. The only novelty this week was a new violin concerto by the Norwegian composer, Christian Sinding, announced for Thursday. But last week there were several additions to the repertory, among others, the second and third parts of M. Vincent d'Indy's *Wallenstein*, composed respectively as far back as 1874 and 1880. The first part, entitled *Wallenstein's Camp*, was produced here on the first appearance of M. Lamoureux's orchestra in London six years ago. It is by far the most interesting section of this tripartite orchestral piece, and it was a pity it was not repeated on Saturday, if only in order to make the trilogy complete. The performance under Mr. Wood started with the slow movement leading in to an allegro and entitled "Max and Thekla," the two subjects doubtless representing those two personages, although when the

piece was first written thirty years ago, in M. d'Indy's school days, it was called "I Piccolomini." The final and more gloomy section is entitled "Wallenstein's Death."

Another of the new works introduced by Mr. Wood on Thursday last week, was a suite formed out of the incidental music written by M. Gabriel Fauré to *Pelléas et Mélisande*, already heard in connection with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's presentation of the tragedy. The suite consists of the preludes to the first and the third acts, together with the music accompanying the death scene of the heroine. Yet another addition made by Mr. Wood to the Queen's Hall repertory is entitled *Kors'olmi*, and is written by the Finnish composer Järnfeldt. It is on the more or less conventional lines of a symphonic poem, and it is supposed to represent the planting of the Cross upon the headland of Korsholm, in the Gulf of Bothnia. The Swedish crusaders interrupt a pagan festival, whereupon a battle scene ensues, and the whole ends with the German chorale *Ein feste Burg*. Some of the thematic material is said to consist of Finnish folk-songs.

BROADWOOD CONCERTS

Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons have resolved to organise a series of evening Chamber Concerts at St. James's Hall this winter, a course of twelve being given on various dates between November 6 and April 2. Among the composers who will be represented by novelties at the Broadwood Concerts during the coming season are Mr. Vaughan Williams, Herr von Dohnányi, Mr. Randeegger, jun., Sir C. Stanford, Dr. Alan Gray, and Mr. Somervell. Miss Ethel Smyth and Dr. Elgar have also been invited to contribute new works, but they have nothing ready for, at any rate, the first season. Among the executants who have been secured are Miss Fanny Davies, Messrs. Sapellnikoff, Tovey, Leonard Borwick, Frederick Dawson, Victor Benham, and Harold Bauer; Miss Ella Sprayka, Herr Muhlfeldt, Madame Soldat, Herr Kreissler, Herr Hugo Becker, the Grinson Quartet, and the Bohemian Quartet; while among the singers will be Madame Brema, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Plunket Greene. The Amsterdam Choir may very possibly come over to London on a special engagement.

Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

BENGER'S

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD:

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

Are you going to make a Will?

If so, send for a Pamphlet to

THE TRUSTEES EXECUTORS AND SECURITIES INS^{CE}. CORPN. LTD.,

CAPITAL - £1,050,000. PAID-UP - £450,000.
RESERVE FUND - £70,000.

ADDRESS:

WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING 1893 DATE ON CAPSULE SHOWS AGE OF WHISKY.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Age and genuineness guaranteed by the Canadian Government.

CERTAINABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS must bear Fac-simile Signature of *Brent's Good*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Absolutely Cure BILIOUSNESS. SICK HEADACHE. TORPID LIVER. FURRED TONGUE. INDIGESTION. CONSTIPATION. DIZZINESS. SALLOW SKIN.

They TOUCH the **LIVER**

Genuine Wrapper Printed on WHITE PAPER, BLUE LETTERS. Look for the Signature *Brent's Good*

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE

Black, by merely combing it through.

Annual Sale 362,000 Bottles.

Of all Hairdressers, 2s., or plain sealed case, post free, 2s. 2d.

RENDER LTD. FINEBURY LONDON, E.C.

TADDY'S PREMIER Navy Cut

A FIRST-CLASS PIPE TOBACCO.

SWEET AND COOL. Sold in 3 Strengths.

MILD - MEDIUM - FULL.

1oz. & 2oz. foil Pkts. 2oz. & 1lb. & 1lb. Tins.

TADDY'S CELEBRATED TOBACCOES.

MYRTLE GROVE - for Pipe or Cigarettes.

RAMPART MIXTURE - Mild and Cool.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO - Rip and Full - Fine Cut.

ORBIT BRAND - Sweetened and Mellow.

GRAPNEL MIXTURE - Fine Virginia and Latakia.

1oz. & 2oz. foil Pkts. 2oz. & 1lb. Tins.

CAN BE OBTAINED OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.

TADDY & CO. 107, 109, 111, MINORIES ST.

"A perfect Cycle at a low figure."

GLORIA Cycles

10 GUINEAS and 15 GUINEAS

or by GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM.

Including all modern improvements.

Gloria Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry.

"Simple, Sure - Nature's Cure."

ROOT-CURE

FOR BALDNESS, Bald Spots, Falling Hair, &c.

No Medicine, either outwardly or inwardly applied. No Electricity. THE ROOT CURE is simply an application of Nature's law, which your family physician will endorse and which on examination you will admit the efficacy of.

The Complete Cure Costs 12s. No Further Expense.

Write for Particulars to **LAWBERG & CO.,** Victoria Chambers, 142, West Nile St., Glasgow.

NURSING MOTHERS.

especially those who are not satisfied with the progress of their children, should send for free pamphlet how to rear healthy, beautiful children. CLAY PAGET AND CO., 23, Elbury St., London, S.W.

PERFECT PORTRAITS

Drawn from Life or Photograph.

Side View, 1s.; Three-quarter or Full Face 4s. 6d. Head and Bust, 2s.; Life Size Head and Bust painted in Oil or Water-Colour, £1 1s.

J. BOOL, Artist

(From Royal Academy, National Medallist, Queen's Prizeman (twice), 86, Warwick St., London, S.W.)

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used for over Fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the Gums, allays all Pain, cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

Sold by all CHEMISTS at 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

CASSELL AND COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Part I. now Ready.

OF THE

Price 1 - net

ILLUSTRATED EDITION of

SOCIAL ENGLANDA HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE
from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.Written by Eminent Authorities. Edited by H. D. TRAILL, D.C.L.,
and J. S. MANN, M.A.With about 2,500 Illustrations from authentic sources,
and numerous Coloured Plates and Maps."One of the most important historical undertakings of the last quarter of a century."—*Contemporary Review*.

** An Illustrated Prospectus, with specimens of the Coloured Plates, will be sent on application.

ENTIRELY NEW FINE ART WORK.

In Monthly Parts, price 1/- net. Part I. NOW READY.

The Book of the Cat

By FRANCES SIMPSON

With Twelve Full-page Plates in Colour and numerous Illustrations in the Text.

To be completed in Twelve Parts.

Part I. contains a Coloured Plate of a BLACK PERSIAN CAT, by Madame Ronner, reproduced from a
painting expressly prepared for the Work.**Sir Martin Conway's New Work.**

NOW READY. Price 12/6 net.

Aconcagua and Tierra Del Fuego.

A BOOK OF CLIMBING, TRAVEL, and EXPLORATION.

By SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

With numerous Illustrations from Photographs.

"A charming record of a dashing, plucky bit of mountaineering, fresh and full of literary colour."
—*Daily Chronicle*.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LTD., La Belle Sauvage, LONDON, E.C.

**The New
Tobacco****Beeswing****Golden Flaked
Cavendish**Manufactured at the
International Bonded Tobacco Works, Liverpool.**APOLLO****"King of Piano-Players."**

THE LATEST TESTIMONIAL FOR THE "APOLLO."

Mme. ADELINA PATTI writes:—



"The APOLLO PIANO-PLAYER I have purchased from you is marvellous. I cannot find words to express my admiration for this most wonderful invention. I have seen others, but yours is the one I consider perfect, both for Piano and Voice. The transposing device is most ingenious, and I congratulate you on this greatest of all musical inventions."

ADELINA PATTI,
Baroness Cederström.The only Piano-Player that instantly transposes any composition to
suit the voice or instrument.It makes the largest Circulating Musical Library.
Intelligible to everybody, and everybody can play it.PRICE **£52.****THE CLARK APOLLO CO., LTD.,**

"A" DEPARTMENT,

119, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Five

In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

£15Steam
Factory:*In exchange for a
Five-Pound*

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE,

J. W. BENSON, Ltd.

Will send to any part of the World

A "BANK" WATCH,

Best London Make. Silver, Crystal, Keyless, Warranted, £5.

Or in 18-ct. Gold Cases, £15.

Guide Book to the Purchase of Watches,
Chains, Rings, Fitted Bags, Clocks, &c., Free**J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,****LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**

And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

C. BRANDAUER & Co., LTD.**Circular-
Pointed
Pens.****SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.**

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send Stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

ONCE more a famous firm of opticians advertise their thermometers showing "how cold it has been," and the chilly are found sitting before a fire at breakfast, while yet the sun is on the summer side of the equinoctial line. The morning mists have often been very beautiful in their silvery whiteness, but they have hung over the sun till ten or later, delaying traffic, and even causing collisions. The railway companies have, of course, been prompt in doing what is always expected of them under such circumstances, and "train late" has been many a clerk's only too true reason for commencing the day an hour behindhand, and having a hurried time for the seven remaining business hours. In the country the cooler air has stopped the sprouting of the corn still in the sheaf, and it has also improved the chances of the grain which was stacked when wet. The potato crop has been benefited by the drier days, and disease is not making fresh headway. The hop-pickers are very busy, and the short crop of this year will soon be secured. The sun, on favourably situated orchards, has been enough from noon to three p.m. to complete the ripening of apples, pears and late plums, and

the bees are still busy on the heads of helianthus, hollyhock and dahlia, though it is only a few sorts of the latter which they seem to visit. Honeysuckle, despite the song, they ignore. Wasps are abundant, and so are small green flies, but the ordinary house-fly has been very scarce. There have been some rare lepidoptera taken, including *Antiope* in the London district, and *Ilera* in South Devon; also a few *Aporia Cestagi* in East Kent.

MARKETING FRUIT

The Covent Garden firms whose prices to the grower and buyer respectively are apt to show such a startling difference have a fair case to put before the Press. The fact is that the farming and yeoman class in England is least inclined to the very thing that the London buyer is most particular over. Here and there some old-fashioned fruit-lover will take a bushel of mixed pears, and sorting out the good ones from the "sleepy," will get a half-bushel of excellent fruit for a very low price. But this leisured type of buyer, good-natured, shrewd, and a bit speculative all at once is becoming, so the middlemen tell us, extinct. The average buyer goes for an average sample, and level quality is all the rage. Now the ordinary grower even of good fruit shirks the trouble of careful packing, and if he is including some specially "fine and large" examples, makes it all right for himself by including a certain

number of specimens distinctly off colour. This gives the middleman a vast amount of trouble, and often loses him customers. If only growers would grade their fruit before sending it to market much better prices would be realised, and the work is that which women and even children can do without undue labour. There is another thing of which the middlemen complain, viz., the frequency with which "keeping" sorts of fruit are mixed up in consignments with the sorts which fetch a good "eating" price but need prompt sale.

ROTHAMSTED REDIVIVUS

The interregnum caused by the lamented deaths of Sir John Lawes and Sir John Gilbert is happily over, and we have once more reports from Rothamsted. The first to reach us relates to the rainfall of the harvest year ended August 31 last. The fall at Rothamsted was only 23.26 inches against 24.36 in the previous season, so that this midland station got off very cheap, even though August had 3.54 inches, against 3.06, our own record near London. The years 1897-8 and 1898-9 were very dry at Rothamsted, but 1899-1900 was wet. On the whole, Rothamsted "still needs rain, the subsoils being abnormally dry and hard." There are other districts of England, which we are sure would be willing to supply Rothamsted's "long felt want."

ADVERTISEMENTS

INSERTED AT LOWEST RATES
IN ALL PAPERS.

C. A. C. BROWNE, Advertising Agent,
53 & 54, Wych St., Strand, London, W.C.
TELE No 2345. Telog. REITERATE



Enormous Pressure and Tension effected in a Moment.
Sold everywhere. Hosiery can apply to Welch, Margeson & Co., London and Manchester; Drapers to Rylands, & Sons, Manchester and London. Sent on receipt of 46s., in Solid Mahogany or Solid Walnut in the United Kingdom from O DEPT., 4, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C.
(If preferred in Whitewood send 34s.)
Send for illustrated (etc) book etc, sent on receipt of stamp for postage.

BORAX Dry SOAP.

Tens of Thousands

of the shrewdest housekeepers in the Kingdom are daily using Borax Dry Soap for washing clothes and general house cleaning.

For more than 25 years it has been adding recruits to the army of those who have found the best. Pleased women are hourly acquainting their friends with its wonderful time and energy saving qualities. Every day scores are persuaded to try it for the first time, and so the great army who will have no other dry soap but BORAX increases. If you do not say "BORAX" when buying Dry Soap you are paying the same price for something inferior, both in quality and effectiveness.

BORAX Dry Soap does all that others can do and more.

Ask for it next time and be convinced.



Sold in 1-lb. packets and dozens everywhere.

Write to-day for Free Packet, naming your Grocer and this paper.

By Special Appointment  Makers to the King.
The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Birmingham.

FALLING HAIR

Prevented by shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient Skin Cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 37-39, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 6 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Porter Davis and Co., Sole Props., Boston.
CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In pocket vials, 60 doses.



BLACK HANDLE - 5/6
IVORY HANDLE - 7/6
A PAIR IVORY HANDLE
RAZORS IN RUSSIA
LEATHER CASE - 21/-
ENGLISH MANUFACTURE
KROPP STROP PASTE - 6D.
KROPP SHAVING STICK - 6D.
KROPP BADGER-HAIR SHAVING
BRUSHES, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each.

KROPP "DUPLUX" STROP

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER & CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

Price 7/6 each.  Price 7/6 each.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, & CHOLERA.

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

is used by all travellers the wide world over. No one visits the tropics without taking with him a supply of Dr. Browne's celebrated remedy. When the tropics visit us let us be equally prepared.

Buy a bottle NOW, and be sure you get the genuine. It may pay the retailer to supply a substitute, but it won't pay you to take it.



Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS WHAT YOU WANT WHEN

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, AND CHOLERA ARE ABOUT.

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS WHAT YOU WANT WHEN

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, AND CHOLERA ARE ABOUT.

Of all Chemists,

1/1, 2/9, & 4/6.



P.O. to G DEPT., 4, PHILIP LANE, E.C. Bronze, Polished 5s. Army Quality, Nickel, 9s. 6d. (For Colonies and Abroad add Parcel Post rate for 1lb.)

A barrel of Monkeys



Is pretty funny, but not more so than our clever puzzle 'The Changing Faces'

What People Say About It:

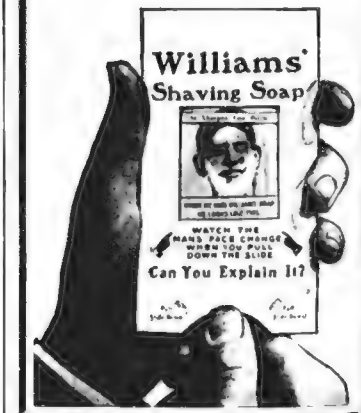
"The most mysterious thing I ever saw, and very fitting that it should be distributed by the makers of the best shaving soap in the world."
"The greatest puzzle of the century."
"A wonderful piece of ingenuity."
"Everyone is mystified, and no one is able to see how the change is made."
"I puzzled over it nearly all one forenoon, before I tumbled to the trick. It's the slickest thing I ever saw."

This puzzle

FREE

for 1d. stamp to cover cost of mailing.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
65 Great Russell Street,
LONDON, W.C.



HINDE'S
Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
real hair
savers. **WAVERS**



HALF the Body WASTED

BY
INDIGESTION
AND DYSPEPSIA.

To derive full value from food,
food must be properly digested.

The Entire Medical Press
has certified as to the remarkable efficacy of

Lactopeptine

IN POWDER
AND TABLETS

in the treatment of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Wakefulness, Loss of Sleep, Heartburn, Chronic Diarrhoea, Constipation, Headache, Nausea, and all diseases arising from imperfect Nutrition.

LACTOPEPTINE is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy, but has its formula printed upon the labels attached to each bottle.

LACTOPEPTINE is obtainable of all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom, at the Principal English Pharmacies in Continental Cities, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico, in 1-oz. bottles, price 4s. 6d., also in ½-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but Lactopeptine Powder or Tablets.

Offices and Laboratory:
46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Every person suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any symptom of a "Stomach out of Order," should send for our Pamphlet and read the cases and letters received from MEDICAL MEN respecting the use of LACTOPEPTINE.

CATESBY'S INLAID CORK LINO.

Price 4/- per square yard.

CATESBY & SONS,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

FREE SAMPLES

of Catesby's Inlaid Cork Lino present an excellent idea of the beauty of this durable floor covering. Tiles and mosaics are equalled in effect and wear, but you have the difference of warmth and comfort with our Inlaid Lino. It is a perfect material for dining-rooms and halls.

Write for Sample, Set No. 4.

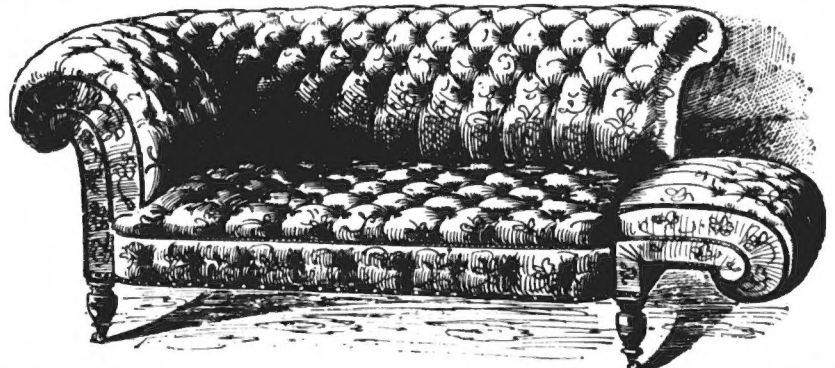
STORY & TRIGGS

General House Furnishers.

LATEST NOVELTIES:



THE IMPERIAL AUTOMATIC RECLINING CHAIR. Upholstered in Cretonne, £4 7s. 6d.; Adjustable Reading Arm and Desk fixed complete, 25s. extra.



AMBIDEXTER CHESTERFIELD SETTEE with adjustable ends.
Seat, when closed, 43 inches inside; with both ends down, 7 ft. long, covered in Cretonne 5 Guineas.
Tapestry 7
For Hotels, Flats, Dining, Drawing, and Smoking Rooms, Nurseries and Bed-sitting Rooms, &c., &c.
Especially adapted to be used as an Impromptu Bed.

New Show Rooms Now Open. Only Address—
152, 154, and 156, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.
Telegrams—"OSSEUS," London. (Near St. Paul's and Ludgate Stations). Telephone No. 5,408 Bank.
COMPLETE FURNISHING CATALOGUE, "THE BOOK OF THE DAY," POST FREE ON APPLICATION.
Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on all orders over 20s.

CARTERS

Illustrated Catalogues
POST FREE.
20 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

6A NEW CAVENDISH ST.
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.
LITERARY MACHINE

For holding a book or writing desk in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping. Invaluable to Invalids and Students. Prices from 17/6.

INVALID COMFORTS

Bed Lifts, £4 4s.
Reclining Boards,
30s.

Walking Machines.
Portable W.C.'s.
Electric Bells,
Urinals,
Air & Water Beds,
&c.

Self-Propelling

AMBULANCES—Hand or Horse.
Best in the World

Used by H.M.
Govt.

Adopted by
the Hospitals
Association

BATH CHAIRS FROM £1 10s.

Adjustable Bath Chair or
Spinal Carriage.

Adjustable Couches, Beds,
from £1 17s. 6d.

Bed Rests 7/6
Leg Rests 10/-
Crutches 10/6
Bed Baths 12/6
Commodore 21/-
Chairs from
£2 2s.

Breakfast-in-Bed Tables
from £1 4s.

For the Street
Accident
Service of
London.

For
Hand or Pony.

By Royal
Warrant to
H.M. the King.
Show Rooms—



Carrying
Chairs from
£1 1s.



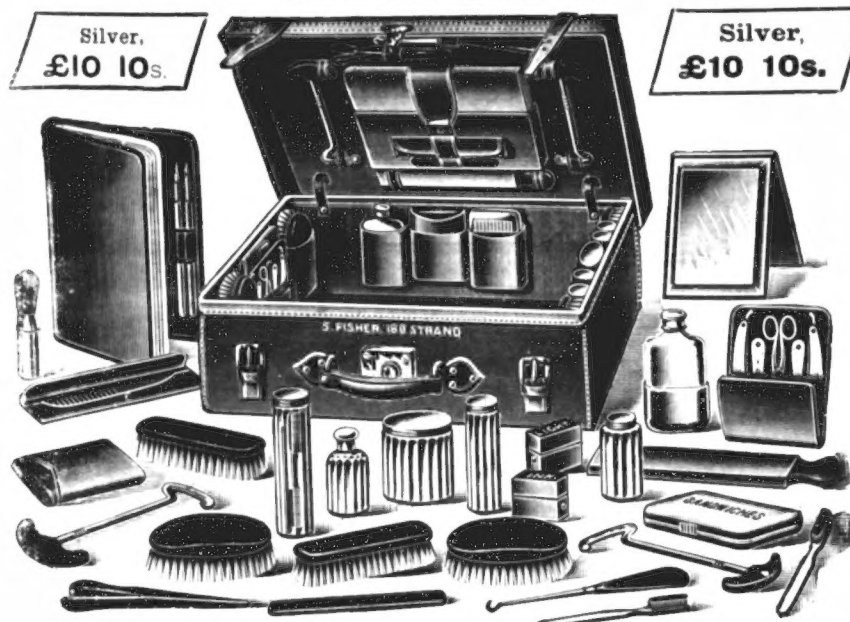
Spinal Carriages.



S. FISHER, 188, STRAND, BAG MAKER.

GENT'S EIFFEL.

LADY'S EIFFEL.

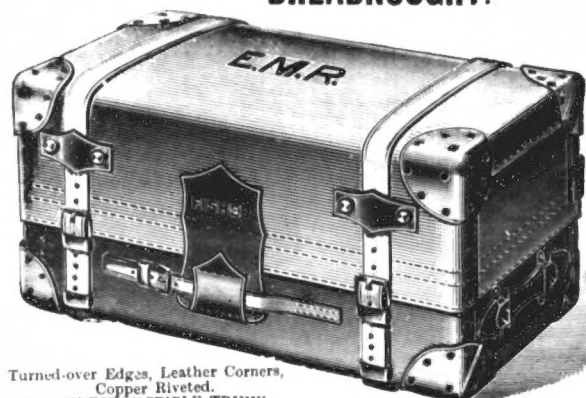
Silver,
£10 10s.Silver,
£10 10s.Silver
£10 10s.Silver,
£10 10s.

GENT'S CASE, Leather, lined Leather, 24in., completely fitted, Silver Mounts, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

THE
ORIGINAL
FIRM.Established
1838.CATALOGUES
FREE.

LADY'S CASE, in Leather, lined with Silk, convenient size, 16in., fully fitted with handsomely chased Silver Fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

FISHER'S DREADNOUGHT.

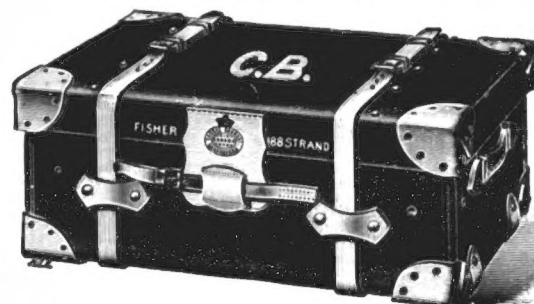


Turned-over Edges, Leather Corners, Copper Riveted. The INDESTRUCTIBLE TRUNK.

FISHER'S
KIT BAGS

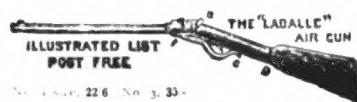
30s. to £6.

FISHER'S FOLKESTONE TRUNK.

WONDERFUL (For STRENGTH.
For LIGHTNESS.

The only Trunk for the Continent. Saves payments for excess luggage. CATALOGUES FREE.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND, BAG MAKER.

"FOR THE EMPIRE."
EVERY BOY SHOULD SHOOT.ILLUSTRATED LIST
POST FREE

No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

TARGET & RIFLE RIFLES

Remington Pattern Rifles, 12- and 20-
Martin Rifles, 27.6, 35-, 45-, 65-, 120-
Other patterns, from 70- to 300-.A Jeffery 12- Remington Rifle made 12 consecutive 2 in.
bullseyes in the Ladies' Match at Aldershot Rifle Meeting.
Distance 50 yards. These Jeffery Rifles are all carefully
rifled. Jeffery's K 255 Target or Rabbit Rifle is the most
accurate miniature Rifle and is very powerful.Jeffery's 400 S Rifle is the most powerful small bore, and
has the longest range of any sporting or military weapon,
and is the most accurate shooting Rifle ever made.Jeffery's 500 Elephant Rifle is the most powerful obtainable
and shoots with great accuracy and gives little recoil.
Jeffery's are the leading Rifles of the present day both for
Target and Game Shooting.Jeffery's 200 Lee-Enfield Target Rifles have made the
highest score on record.
Price Lists of New and Secondhand Guns and Rifles post
free.W. J. JEFFERY & CO., 60, Queen Victoria St., E.C.
And 13, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

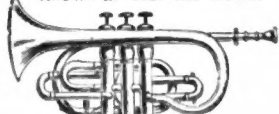
LAYETTES.

Hand-made in the best Style, £11, £25, £47, £66.
Baby Linen Set for Patterns, Three Guineas.

£20 Layettes for India, £37.

Handsome Christening Robes and Cloaks, Babies'
Frocks, trimmed real lace, &c. Goods sent on
approval, with prices plainly marked, on receipt of
reference or deposit. New Price List of Trouseaux,
Layettees, Registered Swanbill Corsets and Belts,
Tea Gowns, &c., post free.ADDLEY BOURNE,
Ladies' Warehouse,
174, SLOANE STREET, LONDON.BUTLER'S
RELIABLE
Musical
Instruments

Known all over the World.

Brass Band Instruments, Clarionets, Flutes, and Drums
Own Manufacture. Guaranteed 20 Years.

Special Terms to Banks.

Violins and Mandolines, in Cases, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s.
to £10.Pianos, Harmoniums, Guitars, Banjos, Polyphones,
Gramophones, Phonographs.

29, HAYMARKET, LONDON, & DUBLIN

Illustrated Price List Post Free.

CASH OR INSTALLMENTS.

DEAFNESS
And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE
EAR-DRUMS.A new scientific invention en-
tirely different in construction
from all other devices. Assist
the deaf when all other devices
fail, and where medical skill has
given no relief. They are soft,
comfortable and invisible; have
no wire or string attachment.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET

Mention this Paper.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.,
D. H. WILSON, 59, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH

Holders of Twenty-Four Royal and Imperial Appointments.

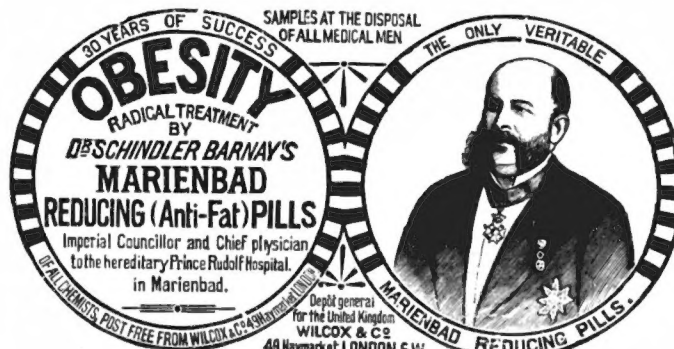
Egerton Burnett's
Royal Sergees

LASTING WEAR.

FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN. IN NAVY BLUE, BLACK, CLIMSON,
GREY, CREAM, &c. PRICES FROM 11/11 TO 12/6 PER YARD, DOUBLE WIDTH.
LIGHT WEIGHTS FOR WARM CLIMATES.AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS, WASHING
MATERIALS, TWEEDS, &c.E. B. Ltd. make to measure Ladies' Costumes from 20/-;
the "Egerton" Cycling Skirt from 12/6; Girls' Dresses
from 9/-; Gentlemen's Suits from 35/-; and Boys' Suits
from 10/6.PATTERNS, WITH SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS AND PRICE LISTS, POST FREE
ANY LENGTH SOLD. SPECIAL RATES FOR EXPORTATION.

Address—

EGERTON BURNETT Ltd., Woollen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.

Printed at 12, Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT
PARKER and AUGUSTUS FIDES THOMAS, and
published by them: 190, Strand, in the County
of London.—SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

The Most Popular Newspaper of the Day.

For FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS the Weekly Mail issue of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" forms the very best Budget of News obtainable. It consists of SIX DAILY ISSUES bound in a wrapper, and is issued every FRIDAY, Price SIXPENCE. It can be obtained through any News-agent in North and South Africa, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, &c., or from the Publishing Office, Free by Post to any of the Countries mentioned, for

£2 : 3 : 6 per Annum.

£1 : 2 : 0 Half-Yearly.

OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY"

An Illustrated Home Weekly.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY," issued by the Proprietors of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" and "THE GRAPHIC," contains Short Stories, Up-to-Date Articles, Interviews, &c., by Popular Writers, Illustrated by Clever Artists. The hearty support accorded by readers of all classes has encouraged the Proprietors to enlarge the publication, and additional interesting features will be added from time to time.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY." Among notable Contributors are S. R. Crockett, H. Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Frank Stockton, W. Le Queux, John Oxenham, Fergus Hume, Fred Wishaw, and many other well-known Writers.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY" COMPETITIONS, for which Prizes are awarded every week, appeal to all Ages and all Classes. Special Prizes are offered to Colonial and Foreign Readers, and the extraordinary popularity of these is shown by the large number of replies received.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY" will be Sent Post Free to any Address at Home or Abroad at the following rates:—

			At Home.			Abroad.		
			s.	d.		s.	d.	
12 Months	(52 Numbers)	...	6	6	...	8	8	...
6 "	(26 ")	...	3	3	...	4	4	...
3 "	(13 ")	...	1	8	...	2	2	...

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.